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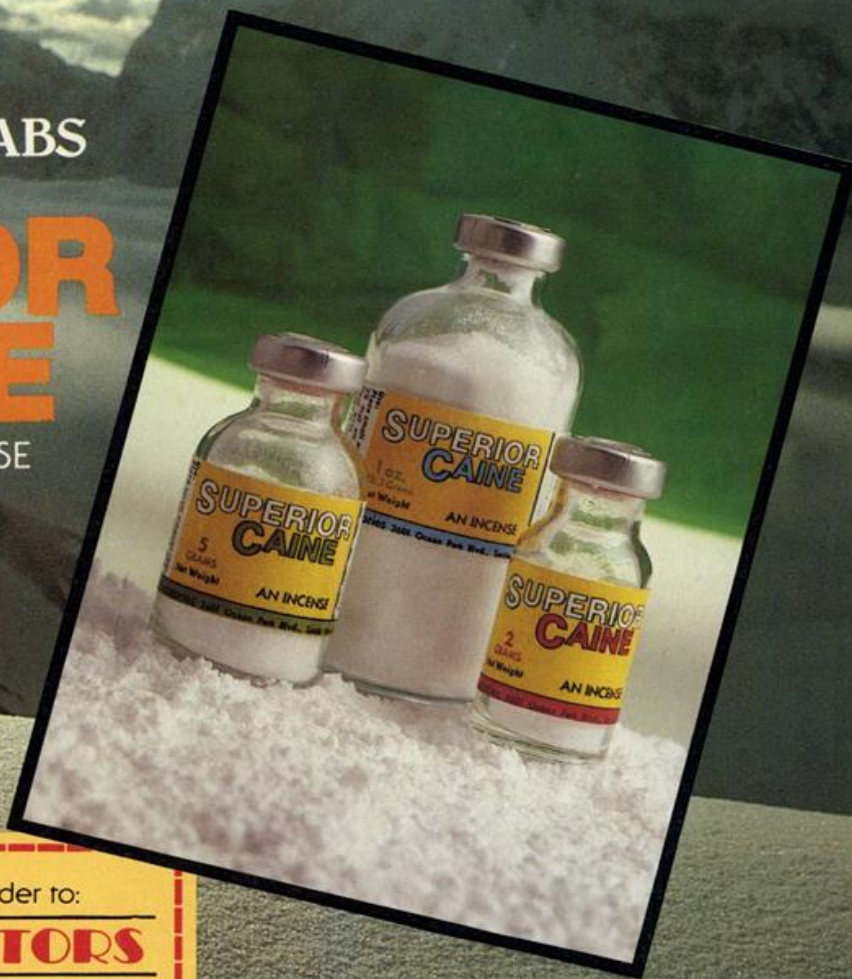
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HIGH TIMES

No. 74 October '81

FEATURES

Escape from Guadalajara *by Michael Dorgan*

It was almost impossible to find the right combination of smarts, guts, money and luck to bring off an escape from Guadalajara State Penitentiary. In fact, it had only been done once before. André, though, was satisfied; to a dope smuggler those seemed like good odds

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Grow American Fall Harvest Guide *by Ed Rosenthal and Mel Frank*

From the authors of the classic *Marijuana Growers Guide* comes some straight talk (so to speak) on when and how to harvest this year's crop

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Centerfold

Whoever said the simple pleasures are best sure knew what they were talking about. Ah, for a life of ease; the tree will provide us with food, the vine with drink and a good connection with some top-drawer Humboldt County sinse

53

The Rise of the Working Clash *by Mick Farren*

Joe Strummer and Co. have been singing their songs of revolution and resistance in front of packed houses for over three years. Recently, though, they've been sniped at by their fellow baby Bolsheviks for being simpletons and sellouts. Caught between Karl Marx and REO Speedwagon, the boys ride in limos and worry about becoming rock stars

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Black Youths Die for Drug Crimes . . . FBI Absorbs DEA . . . Crooked Narcs Run Amok . . . Brooke Shields Unzips Tobacco Lobby . . . Costa Rican Pot Farm Popped . . . S.E. Smack King Takes the Fall for Murder One . . . and more

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SEEDS 'N' STEMS

Recently many national magazines have run stories depicting the evils of cocaine and the insidious consequences that result from its abuse. *TV Guide*, for instance, blamed the dearth of quality programming on addicted writers who've been rendered permanently incapable of turning out such shows as "Bosom Buddies" or "Hello, Larry." Sadly enough, what we have seen so far is but the tip of the iceberg

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Sounds Max Romeo returns . . . Johnny Copeland's blues

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Last Words Pot trimmer wanted: no exp. nec.

106



Cover photo by Mel Frank
Inset by Alan Tannenbaum



32 Interview: Curtis Sliwa
by Tom Baker
Starting out in New York City with just 13 members, the Guardian Angels have grown under Curt Sliwa's leadership into a high-profile and highly controversial national organization. Vilified by some municipal politicians as a dangerous vigilante, and actively courted by others, Sliwa is building a reputation as America's number one "underground" hero.



45 Wrestling USA
by Chester Patton
The history of American professional wrestling from Clarence "the Kansas Demon" to "Animal" Steele, eater of turnbuckles. Imagine you are there as Big Jim Browning applies for the first time ever the devastating flying leg scissors and proceeds to "squeeze his opponents' bowels clean."

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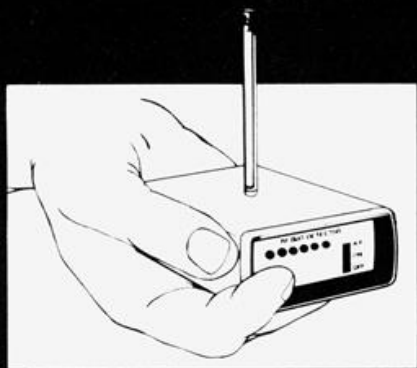
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HIGH TIMES

THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1943-1978

6 OCTOBER '81

Flash

ROAMIN' WITH SLOMAN

Ratso, This Mud's For You

It was Saturday night. Kinky Friedman was in Rio Duckworth, Texas, eating beans out of a can, Joni Mitchell had a headache, Michael Bloomfield was dead and I, Ratso Sloman, editorial director, was alone. There was nobody left to call. Alone, with only my porno tapes for company. I rang up Suicide Prevention and they put me on hold. My eyes filled with tears. All of a sudden the line clicked, my heart leaped up—call waiting!

"Mr. Sloman."

"Yes," I said. "Yes."
"Would you be interested in attending this evening—"

"Yes, yes," I blurted.

Twenty minutes later I was at Madison Square Garden munching hot dogs and enjoying the Wall Street Charity Fund's Mud-fest '81.

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"It was tough, but I managed to get the autographs of each and every girl—for Kinky, of course."

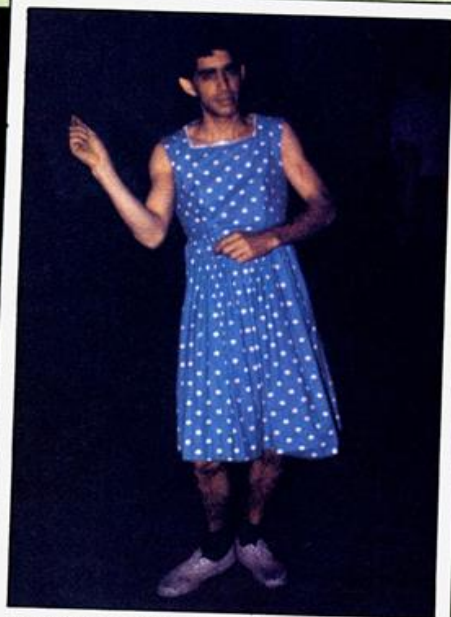


Photos by Maria R. Bastone/PANS

which are very common everywhere.

When you smoke aspergillus-tainted grass, of course nearly all the fungus in the joint is destroyed by burning. Some, however, may occasionally get into your throat and lungs, where your body's immune defenses will eradicate it, just like they take care of all the other bacterial

continued on page 13



Introducing Art Associate **Pedro Oliverio Sanchez Menendez**. Born in Camagüey, Cuba, to a household of wealth and power, Oliverio and his family lost everything in the revolution. Fleeing first to South America and then to the United States, he nonetheless kept up diligently with his art studies and now commands a well-deserved respect in his field. When asked if he ever dreams about someday returning to his homeland, Oliverio shrugs, "Living in exile isn't so bad if you have nice things to wear."

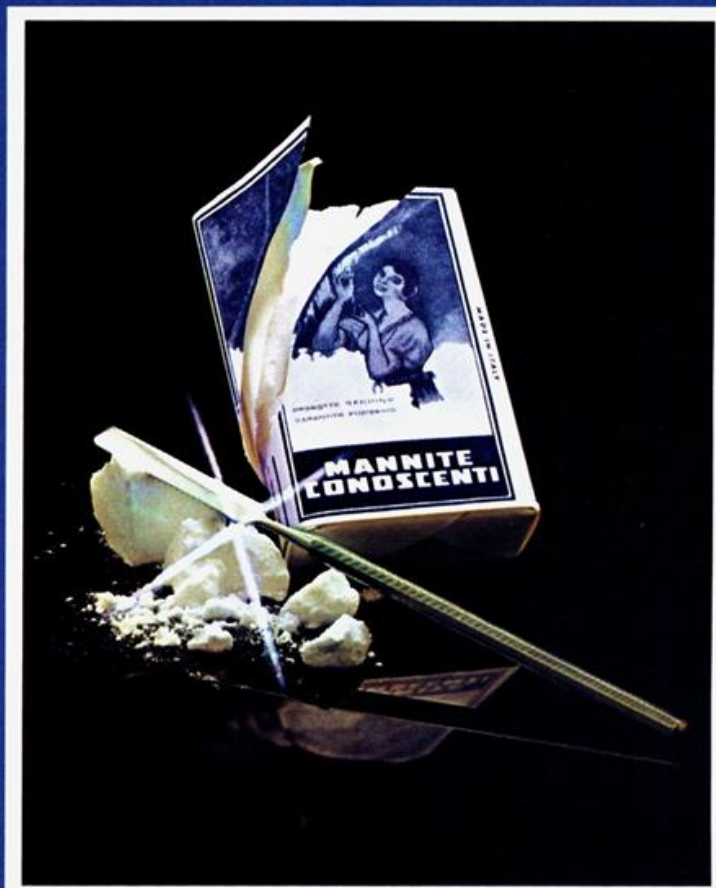


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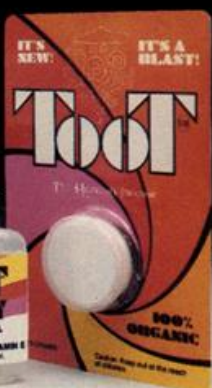
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A large, conical pile of light-colored, granular material, likely sand or fine gravel, set against a plain blue background. The material has a rough, uneven texture. A small portion of a red and yellow striped object is visible in the top left corner.

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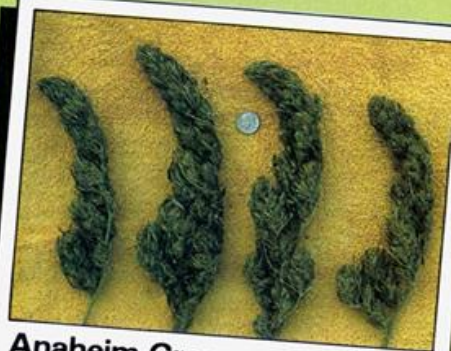
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Anaheim Green

Just thought your readers might be interested in knowing everything is still green and growing in Southern California, as can be seen by this Anaheim homegrown sinse. Oh yeah, it was as good as it is green.

Name withheld
Anaheim, Cal.



Spider Perturbed

What's wrong with you guys? In the August issue you ran a picture of my tattoo work with a blurb about me giving good head—leaving all readers to believe that my head is tattooed and that I'm a faggot!! As if that wasn't enough, your editorial director came to visit me in Woodstock—and drank all my booze, smoked all my dope, ate all my food, pinched my old lady, kicked my dog and farted in my guest room.

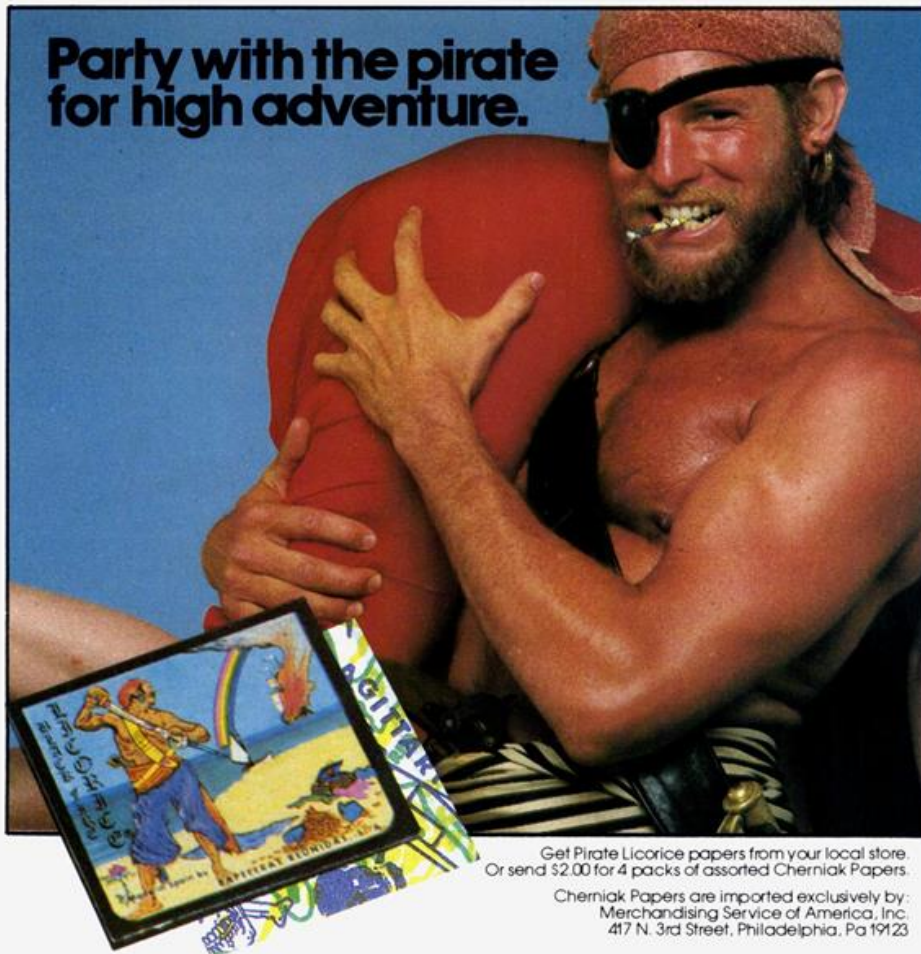
Well, let's get something straight. First, I'm not a faggot—I'm a Catholic. Second, I don't give good head—I give good face (perhaps the best). And last, as the enclosed picture will show, I don't have a tattoo on my head—I have a crown. See you in hell.
—Spider Webb
Woodstock, N.Y.

P.S. Where was the feature on me that you promised last issue?

Sorry for the mix-up, Spider, old man. It musta been yo' mama that gave the good head.—Ed.

P.S. Keep your tattoos on. It's coming soon.

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When Titans Clash . . .

Big doings in Walla Walla, Washington. Veteran acid eater Timothy Leary locked horns with Moral Majority wunderkind Michael Farris in a debate at Whitman College that was rendered inaudible by catcalling and raucous laughter. "Hey, I know my brain is damaged," began Leary, who quickly proved the boast with his following comment, "LSD is no more dangerous than jogging." Not to be outdone, Farris countered by insisting that America is "killing off her old people to save money for sex-education films," and that "the earth is no more than 8,000 to 10,000 years old." Referring to a comment Leary made in the mid '60s, Farris asked him, "Do you still think you're Christ?" "I was pretty stoned that day," replied Leary to a roar of approval. "You know, we have a bumper sticker in L.A. that says 'Honk if you think you are Jesus.'" Eventually the duo got down to a serious discussion of the issues. Among the profundities that could be heard over the cackling of the audience was Leary's assertion that "you're as young as the last time you changed your mind," and Farris's trenchant "God is God."

continued from page 9

and viral and fungal agents you inhale every day of your life. A healthy person doesn't have to worry about aspergillus-tainted smoke.

However, cancer chemotherapy patients have to be very careful to avoid exposure to anything like this. The point of chemotherapy is to abolish the patient's immune defenses and consequently shrink tumors caused by malfunctions in one's immune-defense system. Most chemotherapeutic preparations used for this purpose automatically cause the patients to vomit, for hours and days on end sometimes. Marijuana has been shown to reduce or eliminate this vomiting response in many patients, and so a lot of patients smoke marijuana for this reason. The point of that New England Journal of Medicine letter was to warn doctors (and patients) that chemotherapy subjects face a special risk if they smoke aspergillus-tainted street weed; since they have no immune defenses, they're susceptible to developing respiratory infections from it.

Unfortunately, we can't guarantee that bongos will do any good in this respect. But for chemotherapy patients, it would certainly be advisable for them to oven-bake their grass at about 100 degrees C. for a half hour, so as to kill any fungal or bacterial agents that may be in it.

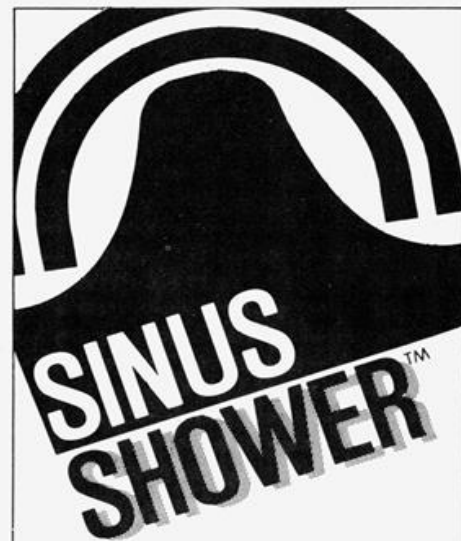
This won't hurt the marijuana at all, and in fact might make it a little better at reducing nausea and vomiting. After baking, it should be kept in a rubber-sealed preserve jar, to avoid possible subsequent contamination.

But healthy people just don't have to worry about it. The thing to worry about is who in the world is skillfully distorting every new bit of marijuana medical literature that crops up—even letters to the New England Journal of Medicine—and feeding these lies to well-meaning radio disc jockeys—Ed.

M.D.: Me Dolt?

This is just to say thanks for an enlightening magazine that I've always been able to leave on my father's coffee table without misgivings about quality. My old man especially enjoyed "The Rise of TH. Chimpsky" in your July issue. Speaking of which, a friend of mine at the Tulane University School of Medicine who is peripherally acquainted with the notorious Dr. Heath of "Chimpsky" fame, says that Heath is regarded by most of his colleagues and students as "a dolt in the ultimate sense," and that his reports are regularly met with gales of hysterical laughter.

—A New Orleans reader □



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RICO RACKETEERING INFLUENCED CORRUPT ORGANIZATIONS

by Michael Stepanian

Back in July we were talking about conspiracies, about how they gave the government the equivalent of a legal A-bomb with which to blow defendants away. I didn't go into the RICO conspiracy then because, as I said, it's a story with a spine of its own. I understated the case. RICO (short for Racketeering Influenced Corrupt Organizations) is more like a series of spines, each attached to its own personal monster, each with long, powerful tentacles and a vindictive, unforgiving nature. Though RICO was enacted back in 1970 as part of a broad, sweeping measure to combat organized crime, it wasn't really used until after 1978, when a federal appeals court put new teeth into the already frightening statute. Ruling in the *Elliott* case, they maintained that far from being the darling of the prosecutor's nursery, the conspiracy law is actually "unnecessarily limited in scope and impact" because it "inhibits mass prosecutions." Under the heading "RICO to the Rescue," the court noted:

According to the defendants, what we are dealing with is a leg, a tail, a trunk and an ear—separate entities unaffected by RICO proscriptions. The government, on the other hand, asserts that we have come eyeball-to-eyeball with a single creature of behemoth proportions, securely within RICO's grasp....We accept...the government's view.

RICO had been unleashed upon the nation.

RICO designates as racketeering activity 24 federal crimes and eight state felonies (included specifically are all the federal and state drug felonies). Now, if anyone commits more than one of these specific crimes and uses the proceeds derived from those crimes to acquire or run an enterprise, they have violated the RICO statute and are subject to a penalty of 20 years in jail and/or a \$25,000 fine and the forfeiture of any acquisitions maintained in violation of the statute. There are three key ideas here: (1) the committing of two "racketeering acts" for the purpose of (2) "acquiring or conducting the affairs" of (3) an enterprise. An example may make things more clear:

In 1979 the government used RICO in an attempt to destroy the Hell's Angels motor-

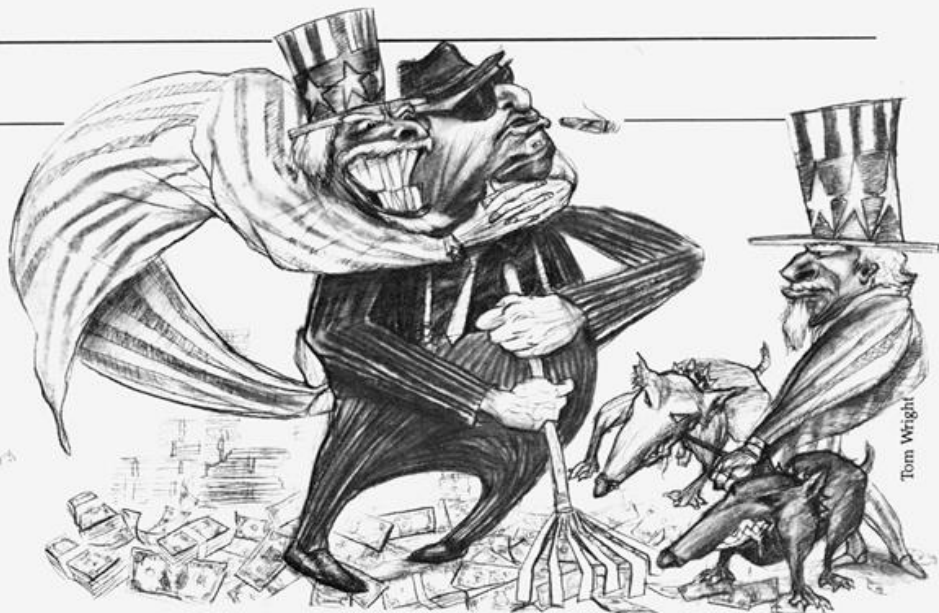
cycle gang in federal court in San Francisco. The two different ways in which they used RICO illustrate the proper and improper interpretation of the statute. The "racketeering acts" the government charged against about 25 defendants consisted mostly of selling speed and killing or threatening anyone who got in the way of their selling speed. Two different "enterprises" were supposedly being run by means of this racketeering activity. First, the government claimed that the Hell's Angels club itself was an "enterprise" whose affairs—selling speed—were being run by "racketeering acts." Second, the government claimed that an automobile body shop was being run by means of the same "racketeering acts" and, in addition, by the "racketeering acts" of washing the money gained from the drug sale through the body shop's books.

After a trial of almost a year, the government quickly gained convictions on two-bit charges involving washing money from drug sales through the automobile body shop. But the jury refused to convict the Hell's Angels club itself of being a "racketeering enterprise." So after all the millions of taxpayers' dollars they wasted on the case, the government was unable to beat two great teams of Bay Area lawyers (modesty forbids me, of course, to give their names).

What is new and frightening about RICO besides the drastic nature of the penalties (which many times exceed the nature of the individual crimes committed) and its broad, sweeping nature, which cuts deeply into state powers, is that the law was *designed* to be construed liberally. RICO specifically states that "provisions of this title shall be liberally construed to effectuate its remedial purpose." This notion, as has been previously noted, is a "drastic departure from the principle that penal statutes should be strictly construed, or at the very least their words should be given no more than normal meaning."*

It would be nice if there were some way

*Michael Kennedy, ed., *Criminal Trials: Courtroom Techniques in Representing Clients Accused of White Collar and Racketeering Crimes* (New York: Law Journal Seminar Press, 1980), p. 49.



to say what the limits of RICO are, but as of now that is simply impossible. Just a few months ago the U.S. Supreme Court in the *Turkette* case upheld the idea that the "enterprise" doesn't have to be a preexisting business that is being taken over by the Mob; instead, even an illegal activity can be an "enterprise," which the government is entitled to prove is being run by means of racketeering activity. What this means, in theory, is that if the government can prove that A and B agreed to bring two loads of marijuana into the United States, they ask a jury to believe that the bringing of the two loads is an enterprise that is being run by means of bringing in loads.

To give you another example, if some guy walks down the street and sticks up two tourists and puts the money into his own safety deposit box, he can be called the enterprise and can then be convicted of conducting himself by means of racketeering acts.

What is the point of all this? As I told you in the conspiracy article, when they can't find the dope, they charge you with conspiracy. The advantage to the government of RICO is that when they can't prove the conspiracy because many different people were involved with many different things rather than one single crime, they can claim that those many different crimes were all racketeering acts to conduct a RICO enterprise. All they have to do is show that you did something they don't like and you know someone else who did something they didn't like and they can RICO you.

There are tremendously broad and expensive investigations going on right now all over the country using the RICO format, from Miami banks to Aspen condos to Seattle fishing boats—they're all feeling the heat. Eventually, though, the tables are going to turn. Some civil hotshot is going to go after those so-called straight businessmen (who are doing things ten times worse than our people). And he's going to call all those schmucks "racketeers" for running scams like price fixing, stock fraud, mail fraud—you name it; and to paraphrase Lenny Bruce, it's gonna be great to see the goyim shaking in their boots. □



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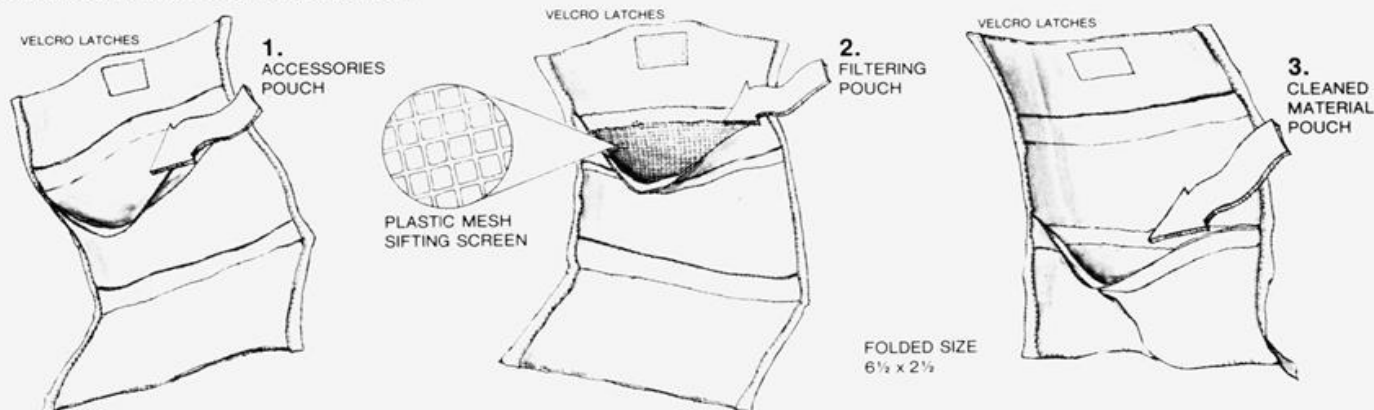
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It finally happened. Gourmet Mexican grass is making a comeback and not a moment too soon. Everybody knows that the quality of ordinary Colombian grass has sunk so low in the past five years that most of it is just not worth smoking unless you deliberately want to feel worse rather than better. It began to look like Colombian would give all seeded grass a bad name and turn the entire marijuana market over to expensive exotic sinsemilla. But in the first few months of 1981, Colombian began to make a slight comeback in quality. Nothing like the Santa Martas and Punta Rojas, the wild wacky weeds of the mid '70s, but something approaching a smokable high instead of a tension headache. I was even considering a column on "the quiet comeback of Colombian" if the quality would only inch its way a little higher. But it leveled off, and my standards as the El Exigente of cannabis culture just can't be compromised by the insulting mediocrity Colombian maintains. Clearly the Colombian growers' and shippers' standards have been dulled by lack of competition in their commercial price range.

Which is why the return of good ol' Mexican to the marketplace is a cause for celebration.

The first hint of it I got was a rumor about a certain superpotent south-of-the-border bud that went by the name of donkey dicks.

Are you familiar with the legends they tell about the whorehouses of Tijuana? Now I'm not *defending* the practices. I've never actually seen it myself, so maybe it's only myth. But the legend is that in certain below-the-border bordellos the featured attractions are exhibitions of burros bestriding brothel girls. I'm not sure which came first: the legends about whorehouse burros or the myths about the extraordinary size and potency of donkey dicks, which are a feature of border folklore. But you can understand how when someone calls some Mexican buds donkey dicks, they're talking about something *special* to smoke.

I set out to track it down and try it. After all, it's my job as a conscientious cannabis reporter to check out these rumors.

In the course of my quest I began to run into more news about Mexican grass. Mexican of all

kinds, not just gourmet delicacies. It seems that the Mexicans have finally caught on to the golden opportunity all that stale gray Colombian buzzweed has presented them with. More and more Mexican is beginning to appear at the ounce-dealer level in the cities of the North than ever before. I began to taste some fine, fresh and perky seeded Mexicans in places where people used to sneer at the name from the heights of Santa Marta self-righteousness. Fresh and perky. Cheapo Mexican always has had that bright-eyed bewitching charm that no other marijuana at any price can duplicate. Part of the charm, I'm now convinced, is the very seediness that sinsemilla snobs used to scoff at. The wildly seedy Mexican plants that were allowed to express their sexuality are somehow sexier to smoke than the superficially stronger but sometimes stuporous sinsemilla plants. Sinse plants, you know of course, are sexually stifled females whose resin is the residue of frustrated seductiveness. Seedy Mexican grass comes from plants that have been enjoying a happily active sex life. The resin on Mexican seed bracts is an expression of fertility and fulfillment. And since the seeds are both male and female, there's a maleness to the sexuality of the high that makes it more balanced than the totally feminine sinsemilla plant.

And so, speaking of sexiness, as I was continuing my search for donkey-dick dope, I was fascinated when I came across a taste of something special: gourmet Mexican sinsemilla. Would seedless Mexican have the same sexiness as the seedy stuff? The story I heard was that some American gourmet-grass fanciers, searching for their roots below the border, had gone down

there to grow some special strains of sinsemilla on Mexican soil, hoping the combination of genetics and horticultural ecology would make something special.

It sure looked impressive: fine flat colas, densely woven orange red hairs. The red hair should have been a tip-off. The fiery flashpoint temper, the tempestuous temperament, the ethereal mysteries, all those qualities legend—often unfairly—attributes to were unleashed in two tokes of this wild weed. A racy, speedy high. Concentrated spiciness like red-hot Mexican peppers. Contrary to my theory, the sinsemilla process did not diminish but intensified all the speedy glory of seedy Mexican grass. It had sexiness that was hard to ignore. A surefire, lower-priced alternative to the high cost of conventional sinsemillas if enough of it ever gets to the American market.

This red-haired Mexican experience made me even more eager to sample the fabled donkey-dick dope, but it was months before I ran into someone who had heard of someone who knew someone who was said to know where the last few buds of donkey dick could be found.

Well, the details have become hazy, but believe me, it was as complex and perilous as the search for the lost ark. Finally, there I was in a room with a big bud in the shape of, well, yes, what can I say, a donkey dick. Either that or some other kind of huge animal's. Bigfoot's maybe. I can't swear about the accuracy of the shape, never having witnessed one of those border-town exhibitions in all its glory. But it looked convincing.

While someone was rolling up a joint, someone else filled me in on another consuming mystery of the cannabis world: the disappearance of Acapulco gold, that fabled

number one hit of the late '60s on the gourmet-grass circuit.

Acapulco gold was really Guerrero, this source said, pointing out that golden province on a handy atlas. It used to be grown, the source continued, by a special band of guerrilla peasants, said to be an outlaw mixed breed of Maoist and Trotskyite. For political reasons and with the complicity of the corrupt Nixon DEA, the Mexican government sent 20,000 *federales* up into the prime mountain growing grounds and killed,

continued on page 105



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Oct. '81
No. 74

BLACK YOUTHS DIE FOR DRUG 'CRIMES'

STORY ON PAGE 21

FBI ABSORBS DEA

BY CHARLES WINSTON-LEVY
HIGH TIMES WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

NO OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT yet (though there may have been one by the time you read this), but it has become abundantly clear that the Reagan administration plans to divest the Drug Enforcement Administration of its freewheeling independence and place it under the jurisdiction of the FBI. That much was obvious when the Justice Department decided to remove DEA administrator Peter Bensinger a few months ago and make Francis (Bud) Mullen, the number-three man in the FBI, acting head of the drug agency.

Mullen was never asked to give up his FBI post. So, at a time when Justice is ostensibly only "studying the possibility" of moving DEA under FBI, they have, in a sense, already done so. However, it may take



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CROOKED NARCS RUN AMOK

THE BEAVER STATE

THE PORTLAND, OREGON, Police Department has a brand-new narc squad, and everyone in this proud city is praying it will be a little less corrupt than the last gang of liars and thieves they hired to enforce drug laws here. The old Special Investigations Team's pattern of ruthlessness and greed was exposed in late May when, in exchange for promises of immunity from prosecution, five crooked cops ratted on each other and themselves.

The Portland drug squad, it seems, had operated with total contempt for the law. They falsified information to get warrants for busts; they stole money, property and drugs from the people they

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BROOKE SHIELDS UNZIPS HELMS'S TOBACCO LOBBY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IT WAS MORE THAN THE SAUCY Calvin Klein bottom of Brooke Shields, with its implied affront to the Moral Majoritarians of the Reagan administration, that prompted the Health and Human Services (HSS) bureaucracy to try to keep the 16-year-old femme fatale's antismoking commercials off TV last summer. Although no one involved in the minicontroversy will confirm it, every indication exists that HSS, at the behest of Sen. Jesse Helms and his tobacco lobby, initially put the kibosh on the brilliant smoking-is-stupid ad series simply because the ads were too good.

The commercials, which were ultimately rescued by the American Lung Association, are cunningly geared to discourage smoking among viewers, especially women 24 years old or younger. Shields, with her vacuum-packed Calvin Kleins establishing her popular image as America's single most sophisticated and emulation-worthy adolescent, allows the camera to leer good-naturedly over her body while she casually condemns smokers and smoking with irrevocable finality and contempt. The productions were packaged by a supercompetent Chicago ad firm last year for the Carter administration's bargain-basement antitobacco bureau, the Office on Smoking. Established in 1976 by HEW head Joseph Califano, in four years the smoking office, on a meager \$3-million budget, promoted a youth-directed media campaign which actually succeeded in reversing the upward trend in teenage smoking; since 1978, the incidence of tobacco and marijuana smoking has taken a sharp plunge among school-age people in general.

However, the specific incidence of smoking among school-age women has been rising disturbingly. Contemporary teenage girls, surveys



show, are much like teenage boys: rebellious, antiauthoritarian, more likely than ever before to adopt smoking as a gesture of adolescent nonconformity and role-model identification. Unfortunately, growing young women also statistically face the greatest chance of developing chronic lung disease before age 30.

The selection, then, of Brooke Shields for an anti-smoking campaign was brilliant, and also fortuitous. It happens that Shields personally and sincerely does despise cigarettes and smokers. Accordingly (and also, per-

haps, to get more of her face, etc., on the national TV screen), she contributed her services free to the antismoking ad project, which ultimately only cost \$68,000 in tax money.

When the ads were reviewed by HSS staff chief David Newhall, though, he huffily nixed them, for reasons he would not completely elaborate. Brooke Shields, he said opaquely, was "inappropriate" for the project. Rumor had it that the Moral Majority lobby—of which Representative Helms of North Carolina is the capital's most visible and

self-righteous exponent—was incensed at the notion of promoting Brooke Shields's insouciant image with a federal ad campaign of any sort.

However, Shields's aggressive mother and promoter, Teri Shields, indignantly tried to go over Newhall's head with a personal phone call to President Reagan himself. Reagan wasn't available, but someone at the White House switchboard thoughtfully punched Teri through to the American Lung Association (ALA). When ALA president Richard Sinsheimer heard about what the HSS was up to, he fired off a three-page telegram to HSS head Richard Schweiker, mincing no words:

"Our fear now is that you, Mr. Secretary, may be yielding to the persistence of the tobacco lobby in refusing to carry out a health-oriented commitment." "The only interests served by the announced scuttling of the program will be the tobacco industry." And Sinsheimer called a press conference: "We feel that a tremendous crisis exists because of the increased incidence of lung cancer as a cause of death—and there is no greater spokesperson than Brooke Shields."

Newhall at HSS thunderously denied that the Shields commercials had been axed under pressure from the tobacco lobby, though HSS never did consent to sponsor the ads, which had been broadcast strictly under the ALA's auspices. Had Teri Shields not personally brought the matter to Sinsheimer's attention, the commercials would still be in the can.

The Shields commercials are virtually the final legacy of Califano's antismoking campaign. One of the Reagan administration's very first budget cuts this year was the elimination of the Office on Smoking—at the specific urging of Senator Helms of North Carolina.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS LINGER IN WAKE OF TEXAS DEATHS

BUSTED BLACKS DROWN IN LAKE

MEXIA, TEXAS

WHEN PEOPLE GATHER TO party down anywhere in these United States, there's usually a lot of weed floating around. The Juneteenth celebration in Mexia is no exception. The black population from this part of the state converges here every year on June 19 to commemorate that glorious day in 1865 when word of the Emancipation Proclamation first arrived in the Lone Star State, and they do their best to pitch a wang-dang-doodle.

"Everywhere you looked, there was marijuana," Limestone County sheriff's deputy Kenneth Archie told the *Dallas Times-Herald* a few days after this year's Juneteenth, which drew 5,000. Archie was speaking in the wake of a horrendous series of events in which he had participated. Three black teenagers, ran-

domly arrested on drug charges at the annual festival, were dead. Steven Booker, 19, Carl Baker, 19, and Anthony Freeman, 18, had drowned in Lake Mexia when Archie and two other deputies tried to transport them back across the lake in a rowboat built to carry only three people. All three deputies managed to survive. Among the three officers, only Archie has made any statements to the press about what happened. He is black; the other two are white.

Archie also told the *Dallas* daily that two of the arrestees on the boat were handcuffed together. David Drummond, one of the white deputies, testified at an inquiry, however, that the handcuffs had been removed before the youths were placed in the boat. One other witness, who acknowledged being drunk at the time, said he saw police re-

move handcuffs from one of the bodies when they were pulled from the lake. Archie has taken the Fifth Amendment since his initial statement to the press.

A number of questions still remain: The low, 14-foot boat the cops were using swamped and sank only about 30 or 40 feet from shore. Why then did none of the three young men, all reportedly good swimmers, not make it back to shore? Why weren't they equipped, whether handcuffed or not, with life jackets?

Why did the narcs need the rowboat at all? They claimed the bridge, which provides access to Booker T. Washington Park, where the celebration is held, was too crowded. Other explanations are possible. When police plan, for what-

ever conceivable reason, to make random drug arrests at a gathering of 5,000 people where many are taking up, they might well decide to sneak in by boat and skulk out under cover of darkness, rather than cross the populated bridge where celebrants might reasonably be annoyed by such nonsense.

The shoreline, where Booker, of Dallas, and Baker and Freeman, both of Mexia, last touched land, was not well lighted, and there were no witnesses when they disembarked; so it is unlikely that all the details of the catastrophe will ever be known. Even so, Larry Baraka, a special prosecutor from Dallas, has said he has enough evidence to charge the deputies with negligent homicide.

U.S. BACKS PERU WAR ON COKE

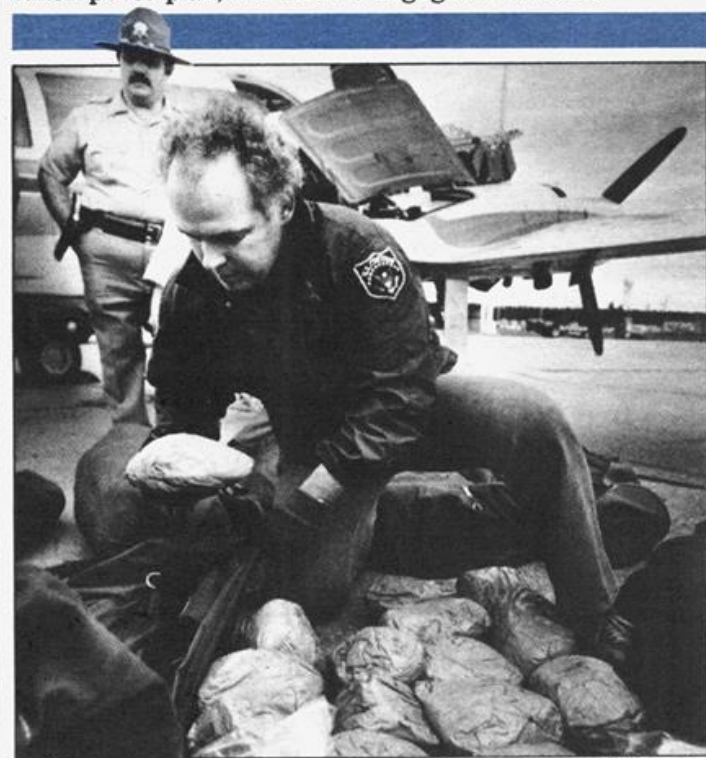
LIMA, PERU

WITH HELP FROM THE United States, Peru has announced a campaign "to eradicate definitively" the manufacture and consumption of cocaine and followed the announcement with a series of highly publicized raids. Lt. Gen. Eduardo Ipinze Rebatta, director of the *Policia de Investigaciones de Peru* (PIP), this country's notorious secret police, made the announcement at a ceremony marking the arrival of seven vans and three cars, the latest U.S. donations to the cause wiping out the blow trade.

Within a few days, PIP completed several busts. In one, they arrested two Italians who had entered the country as tourists and were caught red-

handed installing lab equipment in a coke "kitchen" in a Lima suburb. In a series of other raids, PIP claimed credit for dismantling a coke network that included both Peruvians and Colombians, though they acknowledged that the overseeing chemist had somehow escaped. One of those arrested was "Madame Carmelli," a "psychic" who allegedly had served as a connection for buyers. Sixteen kilos of 98 percent-pure coke was taken in the operation.

One of those picked up in a flurry of minor busts was a well-known criminal known as "Apretao," reputed to work mainly as an extortionist, blackmailer and thief. In this case he had reportedly stolen a large amount of coca paste from other *narcotraficantes*.



CAROLINA COKE HAUL: Customs officer Gil Payette inspects over 400 pounds of cocaine taken from a Cessna 320 that made an unscheduled stop at the New Hanover County Airport in the southeast corner of North Carolina. Observing with interest is Sheriff's Sgt. W.C. Barefoot. The Cessna, believed to be arriving from South America, had been followed up the coast by a Customs plane and was seized after it turned back at the Virginia border to avoid thunderstorms and landed at the county airfield. Two occupants of the ill-fated Cessna face time.

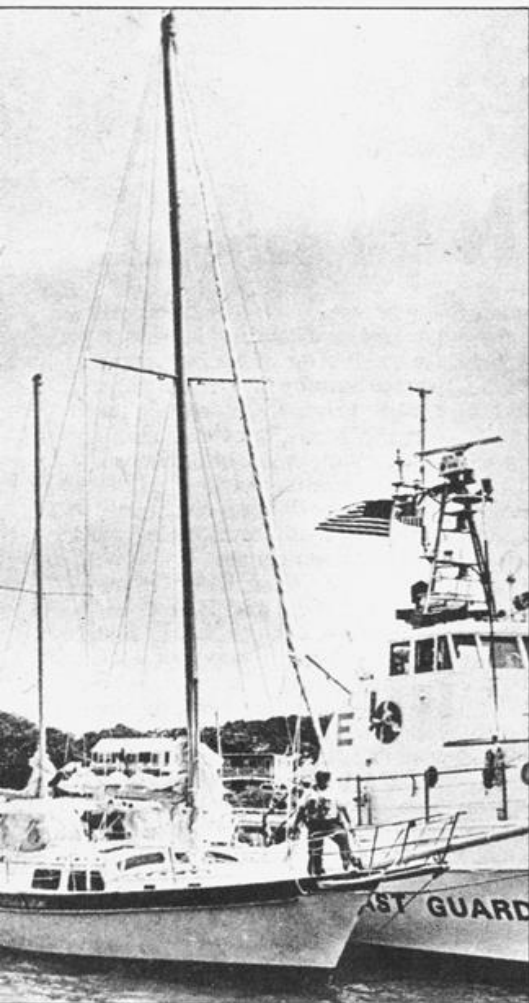
NARCS NIP NEW ENGLAND CAPER

F A L M O U T H, M A S S A C H U S E T T S

A TASK FORCE OF STATE, LOCAL AND FEDERAL NARCS NETTED THREE BOATS, INCLUDING a 47-foot "mother ship"; 17 people; nine vehicles and an undisclosed tonnage of weed with a police value of up to \$5 million in the bust of an off-loading operation on Nantucket Sound. Some of the vans and trucks, all of which were equipped with CB radios, had already been loaded with pot when they were popped as their drivers tried to escape from the peninsula.

Lost in the police action, however, was a large duffel bag, believed by police to be chock-full of coke or cash. One of the alleged smugglers had leaped from one of the off-loading boats when the bust started to come down and tried to swim the bag to shore. He was rescued by two sport fishermen in a boat, but lost the bag overboard. After three unsuccessful dives into the frigid waters of the sound, he was dropped off on Washburn Island where he was picked up later by a state police helicopter. Coast Guard divers also attempted to retrieve the bag, but came up empty. Given the strong currents in the area, the precious bag is most likely lost forever to Davy Jones's locker.

The bust, which required large-scale coordination of human and technical resources, was set up months in advance by an inside informant.



The "mother ship," *Al Lado de Ultima* ("Next to Last"), was towed by the Coast Guard cutter *Point Turner* to Falmouth Marina.



State police deliver the loser of the mysterious duffel bag to shore by helicopter.

MARIJUANA HAY FEVER THREATENS GROWERS

POT POLLEN TAKES FLIGHT

TUCSON, ARIZONA

AN ENTERPRISING POLLEN counter at the Tucson Clinic has publicly identified a significant number of the "unknowns" in his daily census of airborne organic particles as the pollen grains of *Cannabis sativa*, the most common variety of marijuana in the United States. Harry Hayes has counted as many as 17 grains per square yard in a given day.

According to Hayes, he first identified the phenomenon by comparing the grains he collected in his daily sam-

pling with known pot pollen gathered locally. HIGH TIMES telephoned several other pollen counters around the country, but all of them admitted their inability to identify cannabis pollen. Most pollen counters, it seems, count only the major known allergens, like ragweed or alternaria mold and relegate the rest to an anonymous category of "unknowns."

If airborne pot pollens have become fairly prevalent in the Tucson area—not a particularly notorious region for pot production—what must the count be for a place like Hum-

boldt County in Northern California where marijuana is a major crop? Nobody knows. According to county and federal officials in Eureka, the county seat of Humboldt, not even a conventional pollen count is taken there.

But it is certainly fair to assume that in areas more suitable for marijuana cultivation than the desert around Tucson, the amount of cannabis pollen winging its way through the air in search of female flowers is substantial. And this, according to those who study allergies, could, by now, have induced a new form

of hay fever.

Doctors may not have isolated the syndrome as yet, but allergy specialists consulted by HIGH TIMES agree that, in areas where pot is grown and harvested in bulk, those sensitized to the pollen through initial exposure and later reexposed may well have developed pot-pollen allergies. Folks who make their homes in the growing areas and find themselves suffering from itchy eyes and runny noses in the podding season just might be the victims of a brand new strain of hay fever.

29 YEARS TO LIFE FOR MURDER-ONE

S.F. SMACK 'KING' LOSES IN SECOND TRIAL

by Michael Dorgan

SAN FRANCISCO

AFTER THREE TRIALS, smack kingpin Darrel "D.K." King has finally been convicted of first-degree murder for shooting a man he suspected of robbing his drug runners.

It should have been an easy case. More than 20 persons were said to have been on the scene that day in July 1979 when King, reputed to be the boss of San Francisco's biggest heroin ring, wheeled into the city's tough Western Addition in his pale blue Corvette and in broad daylight gunned down Ronald Butler.

Yet when King's first murder trial was held in January of 1980, there were no witnesses to testify against him. The reason, says prosecutor Jerome Benson, is that King returned to the murder scene the day after the killing and announced he had \$20,000 to invest in a contract on anyone who told the cops he had seen King do the shooting.

That King had the 20 grand there could be little doubt. Though he spent heavily on fast cars, expensive women and Superfly clothes, King had as many as 90 dealers working for him at one time, according to police, and took in up to \$10,000 per day supplying about 65 percent of the city's heroin.

Following the first mistrial, King was tried again last July. Prosecutors were able to dredge up a few witnesses for that session, but it ended with a hung jury, split 7 to 5 for conviction.

At the latest trial, prosecutors lined up more witnesses, including a junkie who said he saw King at the scene of the murder and a major Southern California smack dealer who said King boasted of shooting Butler. King steadfastly maintained that at the time of the shooting he was worshipping at his father's church in Oakland, but the jury

wouldn't buy it.

King's father is a Pentecostal bishop and two of his brothers are ministers. D.K., too, had a devoutly religious upbringing, but early on he fell by the wayside. He has always denied any drug deal-

ings, however, preferring to describe himself as an "all-American boy" who made his money through gambling and astute money lending.

Now the 37-year-old King faces a sentence of 29 years to life for murder. He also faces

charges of possessing one pound of Mexican heroin and \$36,300 in counterfeit bills. He has not indicated whether the heroin and phony bills were won in a poker game or given to him as repayment for a loan.

POT FARM BUSTED IN COSTA RICA

SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

LONGTIME RUMORS THAT marijuana production is in the process of expansion from Colombia into Central America were confirmed recently when Costa Rican police popped a pot farm near Puerto Viejo de Limón. Police chief Aldhen Vega told local reporters that the 13-acre

farm was the largest so far discovered in the country. He also said there were a number of similar farms in the same area, but the government was unable to launch a full-scale campaign against them because of a lack of narcotics funds and means.

A 51-year-old Costa Rican citizen was arrested in the Puerto Viejo operation. The ar-

rested man told police he had been smoking pot, or *mota*, since 1948.

Police say it's almost certain that this and other farms in the area are growing pot for export. The Puerto Viejo farm had an annual yield of 4,000 kilos of a type of pot called *mango de rosa* ("rose handle"), a variety whose seeds originated in Colombia.

JORGY

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PORTLAND NARC SQUAD CORRUPTION

continued from page 19

busted; when they didn't find the dope they were looking for, they planted it; they paid off informants with stolen drugs and kept the money authorized for that purpose; and they perjured themselves in court. These were not isolated lapses of ethics; they were standard operating procedure. When the internal investigation was complete, a final, 190-page report listed: 23 search warrants obtained by lying; 26 plants of drugs on suspects; 31 thefts from people busted (the largest was \$8,000 to \$10,000 in cash); and 13 thefts of city funds.

This laundry list of official crimes left the Multnomah County district attorney's office in an awkward spot. They had supervised the investigation to expose this mess, but they had also already convicted 58 people of drug crimes as a result of the narc squad's unique police procedures. So, to try to remove some of the rotting egg from its face, the D.A.'s office requested pardons from Republican governor Vic Atiyeh on behalf of 58 victims of the elite narcotics platoon's special brand of justice. According to Assistant D.A. John Bradley, "only three or four" of the convicted 58 actually went to prison, and none were still in jail when the investigation was completed. Nevertheless, to pardon them would have been a nice gesture and the speediest method of clearing the records of those who had been unjustly prosecuted.

But Governor Atiyeh didn't see it that way. He rejected all 58 pardons, calling it "inappropriate to interfere" where other remedies were available within the "criminal justice system." At press time, the D.A.'s people, in cooperation with the local public defender's office, was pursuing postconviction dismissals, which, of course, will entail additional expense to the taxpayers. It can reasonably be expected that many of the 58 will sue local authorities to gain compensation for the money they spent on lawyer's fees, time spent in jail, and the mental torment of being branded criminals.

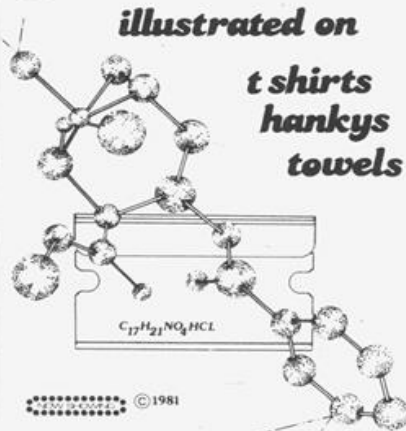
One suit for \$13 million has already been filed in perhaps the nastiest case in the whole affair. The filer of the suit is Robert Jack Christopher.

Christopher, it seems, was inside the clubhouse of the Outsiders biker gang when a team of cops, including patrolmen Neil Gearheart, Scott Deppe and David Crowther, raided the place. Christopher apparently fired a shotgun blast as police stormed through the door, hitting Patrolman Crowther. Two weeks later, Crowther died of his wounds. Christopher claimed the narcs never identified themselves, but his testimony was contradicted by the officers who had been on the raid. The jury, apparently accepting the possibility of

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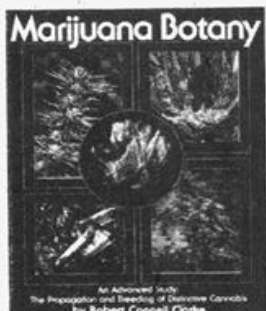
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mitigating circumstances, gave Christopher a mere 20 years instead of the death sentence prosecutors had requested.

Christopher served a year before being released in March when it became clear that officers testifying against him had committed perjury. Under immunity, Gearheart admitted that he had lied when he swore, in an affidavit for a warrant, that two informants had told him there were drugs in the Outsiders' clubhouse. It was also revealed in the investigation that police had removed drugs from Crowther's pockets after he was shot and destroyed them. The dope, it is naturally suspected, was intended to be planted inside the clubhouse. In the light of all this dishonesty from police witnesses, Christopher's contention, that he merely fired defensively at unidentified assailants as they charged into the clubhouse, has gained some credibility.

Gearheart, Deppe and three other narcs were forced to resign. Deppe, against whom some charges were lodged before he was given immunity, was ultimately handed a three-year sentence for tampering with police records. The other four members of the Special Investigations Team were given complete immunity and faced no criminal charges. Deppe served only 20 days before being placed on work release (no word yet on who hired him to do what). Three other officers, also implicated in wrongdoing, were disciplined but kept on the force.

According to the official report of the investigation, another 35 cases generated by the infamous narcotics squad had been dismissed, some as a result of "improper" procedures by police.

And all this time you thought every narc was a straight arrow.

DEA UNDER FBI: WILL DRUG SLEAZE TAINT THE BUREAU?

continued from page 19

some months to actually complete the merger, not only because of the traditional tension and distrust between agents of the two federal police forces, but because a number of bureaucratic hurdles must be crossed first; and Congress must approve the final plan.

Meanwhile, DEA agents in the various district offices are treading water, mulling the prospects of being shifted to dull desk work or losing their jobs altogether. They are well aware that the Ivy Leagueish FBI boys have long harbored the stereotype of DEA agents as uneducated and unscrupulous thugs. Many DEA people, of course, view FBI men as flannel-suited college boys without the guts, or the street sense, to handle the treacherous undercover work that has become the modus operandi of federal narcdom.

But there's more at stake here than sim-

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ple prejudice: Employees of the DEA have the protections of the federal civil-service system, while FBI has its own unique personnel policies. And many DEA agents, who were brought in from U.S. Customs when the drug agency was first created in 1973, do not have college degrees, which are required for employment by the FBI. Moreover, the Justice Department committee studying the merger idea, headed by Rudolph Giuliani, an associate attorney general, has shown interest in the practice of some local police departments of shifting officers out of narcotics after two years to reduce the tendency toward corruption. All of this can be a little scary for DEA cops who know nothing but narcotics work and are not qualified to do other kinds of FBI investigations.

To resolve, or sidestep, some of these problems, Justice Department officials and members of the Reagan administration are considering turning DEA into a "semiautonomous subsidiary" of the FBI. Speaking in business metaphors, Giuliani recently told the *New York Times* the FBI's absorption of DEA was being seen as a "corporate acquisition." Such an arrangement would consolidate the central administrative offices of the two agencies but avoid some of the personnel problems that could develop in the case of a full merger.

By restructuring the agencies, the administration hopes to bring the sophisticated accounting and computer procedures, developed by the FBI to fight racketeering and white-collar crime, into the war against drug entrepreneurs. This fits quite nicely with a proposal offered by Peter Bensinger on the very day he announced his forced retirement. Though Bensinger was removed on July 10, he has been retained on the eight-member merger committee and may be assumed to have some influence on the DEA's future directions. Bensinger's proposal was to make the agency completely self-supporting through expanding its confiscation of the property of those convicted in drug cases.

This suggestion, which first surfaced through the lips of a U.S. congressman at a spring subcommittee hearing (see July "Highwitness News"), has some frightening implications. Given the degree of corruption that seems endemic to drug enforcement worldwide (see "Crooked Narcs Run Amok," page 19), it is not difficult to imagine a roving narcotics task force casing wealthy estates in South Florida, or anywhere for that matter, in search of someone to frame, so that their assets can be confiscated to pay DEA salaries.

The stench of corruption has plagued drug enforcement in virtually all its federal incarnations. The old Bureau of Narcotics, followed by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, followed by the Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement, followed by DEA, have all been afflicted with it. J. Edgar Hoover, the notorious director-for-life of the FBI, always refused to involve the bureau in drug enforcement for just that reason—too much undercover work in an underworld filled with too much tempting money. The new, post-Hoover FBI has decided, however,

continued on page 30

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

FULL WAREHOUSES DRIVE SUMMER POT PRICES DOWN

by Bud Bogart

THE ANNUAL LATE-SUMMER POT drought didn't develop this year, as many observers of the market had predicted. Only two years ago, in the midst of the famine of '79, dope journalists were saying the Colombian connection had broken down completely. As is often the case, the market forces—call it greed if you like—not only filled that vacuum in a hurry but made sure it wouldn't develop again.

So much Colombian pot was warehoused during the phenomenal '80-'81 growing

Fourth in anticipation of the usual drought. Unless the fall season proves to be as slow as usual, there could be another drastic price decrease. The day of the \$100 pound may be in sight.

Grim reaper: Since farmers on the West Coast are complaining again this year about pot patterns. Many of the veteran growers are well known to locals, and there are suspicions in some northern counties of California that at least one professional ripoff ring is getting its cues from an insider. One farmer who camped in his garden lost his summer's work during a short break he took to quaff a few beers. As the prime tops near maturity, the bandit season takes off.

They don't say much in Vermont... goes the old saw, and that's probably why sinse agriculture has managed to thrive almost unmolested in this obscure New England state. Unlike their flamboyant West Coast counterparts, Vermont sinse farmers are a solid, impassive breed who, like other New Englanders, go to church, arise early, and rarely stray from their turf.

But while the great sinse from California, Hawaii, Arkansas and elsewhere grab the headlines, the Vermont sinse scene is one of the oldest and ablest anywhere. One of the very first sinsemillas brought to the HIGH TIMES office for the inspection of the staff, in the fall of 1975, was a bulbous, gummy, thumb-sized bud of Afghani-bred from the Green Mountain State. Greenhouse grown, it was as potent as anything to come out of California that year or the next. The growers are still at work, and they're not alone. This year may well be Vermont's in the sinse sweepstakes.

Play it again, Sam: Now and then this column gets a question about the best method for long-term storage of pot. Well, if you really feel that pound of Santa Marta gold or those few ounces of Thai are worth the wait until harder times, here's how to do it:

1) If the pot is not fully cured, spread it out and let it dry somewhere for a few hours. This is frequently desirable with Thai weed, some of which is almost soggy when it's broken down from bindles. The buds of properly cured pot should be flaky and somewhat dry on the outside, slightly moist in the middle.

2) Buy yourself several clamp-top fruit-storage jars with rubber rings. They come in sizes from eight ounces to a gallon. The French ones are best. It is better to use several small ones than one large jar, since once you reopen the seal everything inside begins to dry out.

3) Fill the jars and rub Vaseline around both sides of the rubber ring. Clamp shut.

continued on page 30

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

season that when the Fourth of July rolled around—generally accepted by the dealing profession as the beginning of the slow season—pot was not only widely available but so plentiful that prices actually decreased again. Commercial-grade Colombian—"commie marsh," the Lone Star boys who run the stuff up call it—dropped from just under three bills an elbow to two and a half. By the hundred-weight, it could be yours for two and a Q; by the ton, under two.

This has led to competitive tension among big-time pot wholesalers who suddenly find themselves faced with the options of eating their stashes or dropping their prices. Large-scale retailers, aware of the situation, have hedged their purchasing in hopes of getting cheaper prices yet.

The summer pot season also saw a stronger than usual flow of prime Colombian grades. Some low-level goods, compacted and stashed last spring, reappeared at a stiff \$400 and up by the bale, once the loose buds had disappeared from the scene. Virtual tons of the stuff flooded the Midwest and South during July and August. Even better grades have been available in limited quantities—usually \$500 or thereabouts—with no break on numbers.

One odd offshoot of this abundance has been an extended credit situation. According to one dealer, even longtime deadbeats are being fronted bales of commercial in hopes they can get rid of it. Cash-flow crises have beset a number of intermediate-range dealers who stocked up before the

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA			
Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one 100	12-16 900
Mullumbimby madness	range reefer	oz lb	5-25 40-100
Colombian pot	some 'marsh	oz lb	75-225 800-1200
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one 100	15-20 1000-1200
Compressed Thai	off and on	oz lb	160-200 1100-1600
Putty hash	Lebanese	oz lb	210-250 2800-3000
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	oz lb	250-400 3000-4500
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	gm oz	20-45 420-620
Mushrooms	wild	oz	50-75
LSD	Korean "tiles"	one 100	5-7 300-500
Mandrax	Sat. nite special	one 100	3-6 150-400
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	gm oz	140-175 3000-3200

CANADA			
Commercial Colombian	good flow	oz lb	50-65 500-650
Gold and red Colombian	gone like the wind	oz lb	60-85 500-750
Hawaiian buds	none in sight	oz lb	325-350 2800-3600
Mexican tops	a few in season	oz lb	50-85 450-650
California sinsemilla	nada	oz lb	200-275 2000-2600
Homegrown pot	mild	oz lb	10-15 50-200
Hash	headscratcher red and blond Leb	oz lb	140-175 1900-2500
LSD	your choice	one 100	4-10 200-450
Mandrax	steady	one 100	3-6 275-450
Cocaine	danced on heavily	gm oz	110-160 1850-2500

COLOMBIA			
Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz lb	10-15 60-100
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	oz lb	2-5 30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz lb	8-25 100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz lb	150-200 1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	good assortment	oz lb	175-225 2500-3000

DENMARK			
Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz kilo	75-125 1250-3750
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz kilo	50-100 1000-2000
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz kilo	60-120 1200-2200
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm oz kilo	2500 50,000

ECUADOR			
Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz lb	7-10 60-100
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	oz lb	15-25 200
Sierra buds	passable	oz lb	6-10 70-100
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz lb	2-4 40-60
Cocaine base	lots	gm	negotiable
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	25-40
LSD	traded for blow	one	5

ENGLAND			
African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz lb	90-100 750-1000

Colombian grass	down to a trickle	oz lb	100-175 850-1200
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	one oz	10 110-130
Thai sticks	great, rare	one oz	15-25
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	oz lb	free to 50 100-350
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	oz lb	100-125 800-1050
Black Kashmir hash	high tide	oz	100-150
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz lb	60-85 750-1000
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	oz lb	100-125 1100-1250
Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	oz lb	150-200 1750-2000
Hash oil	palpable, palatable	gm oz	20-30 475-525
LSD	considerable of late	one 100	7-10 500-700
Cocaine	scarce but there	gm oz	135-180 270
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	3-6

FRANCE			
African pot	dominates weed market	gr oz	2.50-3 65-80
Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	75-100
Moroccan hash	several flavors	gr oz	6-8 90-110
Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	gr oz	8-12 100-125
Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	gr	10
LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	one	4-7
Speed	hot on the punk scene	one	4-6
Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	gr	125-200

JAPAN			
Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz lb	120-300 1200-1600
Philippine pot	expanding market	oz lb	45-50 500-600
Homegrown	should stick to cars	oz lb	90-120 900-1200
Thai sticks	fresh and pungent	one oz	40-75 400-750
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one oz	40-60
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	oz	115-125
Philippine hash	superstar	gr oz	25-40 300-375
Lebanese hash	they love it here	gr	50
LSD	British imports	one	10-20
Mushrooms	greenhouse excellent	oz	50
Cocaine	questionable advanced	gr	25-50 80-150
Speed	Japanese model	gr	75-85

MEXICO			
Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz lb	7-12 60-120
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz lb	5-10 50-80
Acapulco gold	ay caramba	oz lb	10-20 50-100
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz lb	7-12 65-125
Cocaine	when around don't be a chump	gm oz	30-50 400-700
Opium	searching for a market	oz lb	50-100 400-600

UNITED STATES			
Area Bulletins			
Denver	coke, 60%	gr	125
Plymouth, Mass.	colombo standard	oz	40
Brimfield, Mass.	goofy blotter acid	one	3.50
Greenville, Tex.	Acapulco gold, A-1	lb	650
Albuquerque	sinse leaf	lb	1500
Austin, Tex.	psilocybin, dried	oz	100
Akron, Ohio	Mexican buds, passable	oz	30
Milwaukee	Moroccan hash, black slabs	gr	4-6
Monticello, N.Y.	cocaine, fish scales	oz	1975
Miami	hash oil, okay but overpriced	gr	60-75

National Market			
U.S. sinsemilla	early trickle	oz	25-50
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz lb	10-40 100-435
Top-grade Mexican	around once again	oz lb	50-75 475-650
Mexican sinsemilla	over the next hill	oz lb	55-65 500-600
Jamaican	appears and disappears	oz lb	35-45 375-450
Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack	oz lb	70-100 700-1000
Commercial Colombian	when around slow	oz lb	50-65 500-550
Connoisseur Colombian	disappeared of a sudden	oz lb	40-55 440-550
Thai sticks	several varieties	one oz	15-35 180-225
Loose Thai	foot-long buds	oz lb	170-200 1200-1800
Various Africans	so what?	oz lb	40-55 425-550
Hawaiian	price downswing	oz lb	125-225 1800-2400
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz lb	90-125 1100-1750
Citral hash	fresh as a flower	oz lb	175 1825-2200
Lebanese hash	some past its prime	oz lb	100-130 900-1450
Black Afghani hash	with gold seal	oz lb	150-200 1700-2300
Nepalese fingers	and balls	oz lb	175-225 1700-2500
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz lb	150 1350-1800
Hash oils	Nepalese honey	gm oz	35-65 500-1000
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, varying effects	oz lb	100-150 1650
Peyote	wet, harder to eat	oz lb	1750-25
LSD	tough to come by right now	one 100	35-60 300-500 1.50-5.00
Cocaine	blots and balls	one 100	150-300
Methaqualone	slow but there	gm oz	100-140 1950-2350
Crosses and black beauts	some real bulldozers	one 100	4-6 300-500
	erratic	100	25-200

Alaska			
Commercial Colombian	prices more in line of late	oz lb	45-55 430-550
Domestic weed	halide homegrown	oz lb	15-35 75-175
Mexican weed	summer's best	oz lb	50-65 500-600
Mainland sinsemilla	B-grade here; A-1 there	oz lb	225-300 2000-2750
Lebanese hash	big mover	gm oz	15-20 130-200
Cocaine	roll of the dice	gm oz	100-150 2000-2800

Hawaii			
Puna buds	puffing up	oz lb	150-200 1500-1950
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz lb	150-200 1500-1900
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz lb	150-190 1500-1750
Maui wowie	kick in the head	oz lb	125-200 1600-2200
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap	gm	free
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm oz	75-125 1800-2500
Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

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FBI ABSORBS DEA

continued from page 27

against all historical precedent, that moving DEA into FBI will clean up the drug agency rather than dirty up the bureau.

FBI and the Reagan Justice Department have a similarly strange conviction about the overly political nature of drug enforcement. When Bensinger was bumped, the inside word was that he was too political, "not a team player," and an obnoxiously full time lobbyist.

But with the merger, Justice officials assume the integrity of the FBI will somehow depoliticize the drug issue. Such thinking is—or so it seems to an old Washington hand—amazingly naive. Ever since politicians were forced by the failure of Prohibition to give up on alcohol as the germ behind all of society's ills, drugs have been the easy scapegoat for self-righteous fear mongers. Whether it's political hacks stumping for votes or bureaucrats lobbying for appropriations, drugs will maintain their political magic. When drug enforcement moves into the FBI, politicians will follow their noses into the very bowels of the bureau.

It's difficult to predict the effectiveness of the merger—at least in the long run. The FBI has roughly four times the manpower of the DEA and three times the budget; how useful they are will depend on how much of FBI's resources are diverted into the drug effort. Certainly, given all the emphasis now being placed on the financial wizardry of the FBI, efforts to pinpoint successful dope movers through probes into IRS and bank records will eventually be stepped up. In the short run, though, according to the experts, after each previous reorganization it has taken two to three years for the federal drug cops to work back up to their former effectiveness. Such a hiatus in drug enforcement is extremely likely following any reshuffling of the bureaucratic cards.

THMA

continued from page 28

Wrap in newspaper and place in a refrigerator—not a freezer.

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Pilot's advisory: Pilots winging it along the South American connection routes may find themselves in the company of the newest members of the marijuana air force: carrier pigeons. The home-seeking birds can carry up to 14 grams of cargo halfway around the globe, say enthusiasts of this interesting new sport, providing they can find food along the way.

The only problem is getting the pigeons into South America. This has been resolved, say sources, by the same means used to smuggle parrots from the Amazon into the U.S.: doped popcorn. When the feathered friends have nodded off they are gently bedded into the side panels of southbound vehicles. When they wake they are loaded with contraband and let go. Slow and arduous, but safe.

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by Tom Baker

Okay, D.B., here's the pitch. We do a remake of an old East Side Kids film, see, but with Sly Stallone as the Mugs McGinnis type, and we get some serious social-conscience director. Anyway, Sly plays a brilliant but unpredictable kid from Brooklyn—say, Canarsie—an outstanding student, Jesuit schools, close to his family, stays out of trouble, not afraid of anyone. But he is totally off the wall sometimes. I mean, he's the student-body president. But what happens? He gets his ass kicked out his senior year for urging the kids to defy some silly dress code. Okay, so he drops out and takes some odd jobs—you know, gas station, newsboy—he gets honored by the president, he saves seven people from a burning building, goes to work for a McDonald's and organizes an anti-litter campaign that covers all five boroughs of New York City. He personally collects five and a half tons of reusable trash and has the whole

fucking pile of it sitting in front of his parents' home. The next thing—he's in his early 20s now—he turns up with about a dozen minority teenagers wearing red berets and T-shirts, calling themselves something fancy, like the Guardian Angels. They follow him around the subways at night, putting a citizen's collar on muggers and other crazies. The first night out they break up a gang rape in the worst section of Brooklyn, and when one of the rapists points a shotgun at him, he pops him in the snotlocker with a Bruce Lee-type drop kick and he falls off the elevated platform but lands in an eight-foot-high pile of uncollected garbage that saves his life; or maybe this—stay with me, D.B.—he jumps off between the cars of a train as it pulls out of the station and single-handedly rounds up four knife-wielding teenagers who are terrorizing some women passengers. Now, here's the hook. The people love him, the old folks,

the women, even the minorities think he's some sort of hero, but the powers that be, the mayor, the governor and the police commissioner, they ignore him or call him some sort of publicity-hungry fascist vigilante, but he keeps going, see, and soon there are nearly a thousand of these Guardian Angels all over New York. Then he opens chapters all over the country, addresses congressional hearings on urban crime, and then he goes—what? Whad'ya mean it's too farfetched?

HIGH TIMES: How did you develop the concept of the Guardian Angels?

SLIWA: It evolved slowly based on my experiences with other volunteer services: community clean-up, recycling, senior-citizen programs. Also by viewing other volunteer groups and taking the best of what I'd seen and eliminating the worst. I had always



Interview

Curtis Sliwa

The Guardian Archangel Speaks His Mind

thought about the Guardian Angels, didn't have a name but I always thought that young people, since they created most of the problems, could and should be used in terms of helping people.

HIGH TIMES: Did you read much as a kid?

SLIWA: I was a history buff. When I was eight, nine, ten, instead of reading novels I'd read whole history books. European, precivilization, Roman, you name it. I used to read these big, massive volumes—look at the pictures first, then read the book.

HIGH TIMES: Was there any one book that really impressed you, that influenced what you're doing now with the Angels?

SLIWA: Oh, yeah. *The Jungle* by Upton Sinclair. The book was the story of European immigrants: Lithuanian, Polish, that whole sector. And how they came to the New World, settled in Chicago and got involved in the meat-packing industry. And then the problem of the blacks coming in and taking their low-paying jobs. The struggle of unions, the political struggles with the Irish and police, the shantytowns, all types of things. It showed me how much people put up with to get a foothold in this country. I was working at the time at a local butcher shop after school, delivering meat. I was reading it while riding the bike with no hands. I couldn't put the book down.

HIGH TIMES: But what do the fertilizer pits and Lithuanian immigrants of *The Jungle* have to do with the formation of the Guardian Angels?

SLIWA: Well, even though today we don't have people in fertilizer pits, the parallels are clear. Now the descendants of "the jungle" have inherited power and the same

things occur. First the Irish complained about the Italians who came here before them, then the Italians went off on the blacks, and the blacks went off on the Hispanics. So it's really not a question of race, it's not a question of intent, it's just a question of who's on top and who's on the bottom. Now in Philadelphia blacks, whites and Hispanics beat on the Vietnamese. Does it make sense?

HIGH TIMES: So that's what gave you your social conscience—Sinclair's *Jungle*?

SLIWA: That, reading history and my Pops. He was a merchant seaman, very worldly. He saw situations in other countries where people were being shot in the streets because they uttered a word against their leader. When I had a question he could put it in a frame of reference—in this country they do this, and so on.

Another thing I learned from him was not to be overintellectual. Many times intellectualizing problems hides an inability to deal with them. Like when I was in Minneapolis talking to the police commissioner, and he was saying, "I like your program, Mr. Sliwa. I like what the Guardian Angels do. But your simplistic approach in no way, shape or form has anything to do with lessening crime. Crime is so complicated, it has so many pieces. We must sit and we must analyze it and study it." I said, "Sir, by the time we study it, we will have no more room for the locks on the doors. We will have no more room for the extra bar on the window. We must begin taking steps now, within the law, that will protect our lives."

HIGH TIMES: How does one become a Guardian Angel? Let's say I come to your

door, introduce myself and say I want to be a Guardian Angel. What happens?

SLIWA: Number one, you've got to be sixteen and be personally recommended by someone who's already in the group. For instance, we'll go to Wanda Ortiz and say, "We're using you as a recommendation for Tom Baker." Her ass is on the line for your activity; if you do anything wrong she loses her shirt.

HIGH TIMES: Is there any way to become a member without being sponsored by someone already in the group?

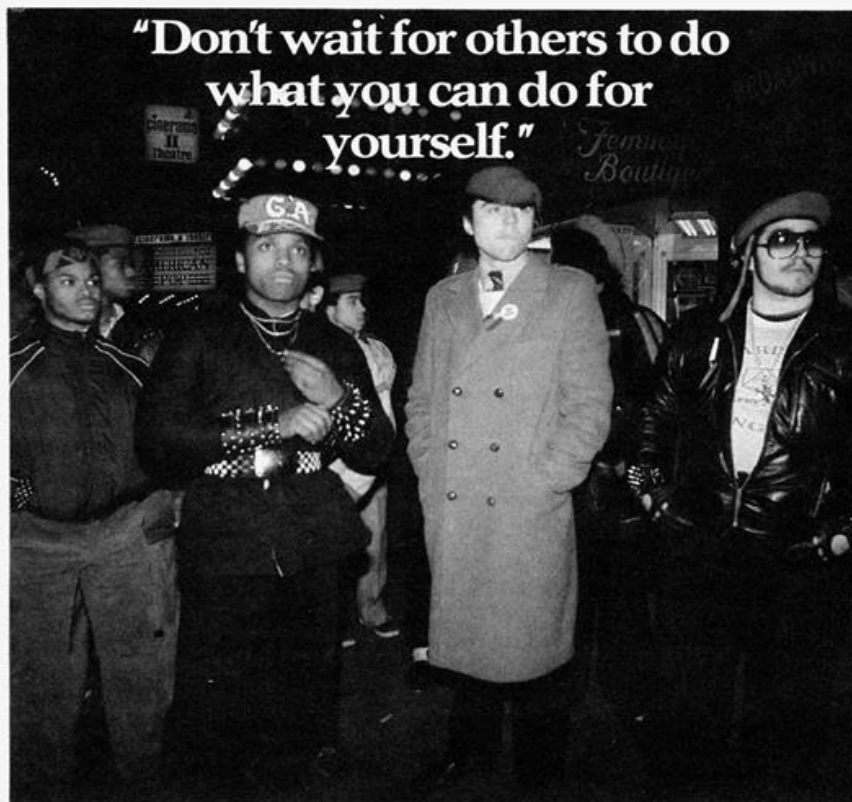
SLIWA: Yeah, if you have good qualifications, martial arts certification or some kind of training. Everyone must patrol at least two four-hour shifts a week. You cannot carry weapons, drugs or drug paraphernalia with you during patrol. If you come to the patrol intoxicated or high, you're gone.

HIGH TIMES: How about drug use in general with the members?

SLIWA: I'm sure, on the outside. Snort, pot. I don't doubt that at all.

HIGH TIMES: How do you go about training novice Angels?

SLIWA: Now, there are two key areas of difference: chapters outside New York and chapters inside New York. It's the same format; it's just done a little bit differently. All told it takes two and a half to three months to become a Guardian Angel. Outside of New York City you learn in a closed environment, but in New York City, snap, we'll get you right down into it. Because crime is all over the place. New York City is a different breed of cat. A different preacher. You learn not just by studying the penal code and the rights of the citizen and how to make a citizen's arrest, but also by seeing



We also have, either close to graduation or in a slightly earlier stage, chapters planned in Boston, Miami, Houston, Cleveland, San Francisco, Albuquerque and San Juan, Puerto Rico.

HIGH TIMES: Critics have characterized you as the leader of a group of vigilantes. They're wary of your expanding program and, I would imagine, your political influence as well.

SLIWA: Yeah, the *New York Times* crowd.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any political ambitions?

SLIWA: No. Because right now as the leader of the Guardian Angels, which is now a national organization, I can have more of an effect on a person's day-to-day life, through the patrols, than I could as governor. But using the Guardian Angels as a network for organizing political power is not my bag. I'm into getting people to do things for themselves, purely and simply. I don't believe in the idea of government being the cure-all. I believe it has to come from within yourself and then from without.

We're a society that's so totally dependent on government it's absolutely insane. We move, sleep, eat and breathe according to the way government clicks its fingers. I think people have to be able to take upon themselves a lot of their own problems. Don't wait for others to do for you what you can do for yourself. That's not a political philosophy.

HIGH TIMES: There is then no particular ideology you would associate with the Angels?

SLIWA: No. It's wrong for us to imply a particular ideology or philosophy when we're sup-

posed to be representing everyone. Ours is more of a purpose organization than an ideological one. If we do have an ideology, though, it's simply that you don't mess around with other people and you don't mess around with their property. Rich, poor, or in between, it's wrong. Lay off. The day that the Guardian Angels back one particular candidate over another, the day that the Guardian Angels take a stance on a political subject that has in no way, shape or form anything to do with the services that they are providing, that's the day that we discredit the organization and go down the tubes.

HIGH TIMES: In other words, their politics are to be checked at the door.

SLIWA: Yeah, the only problem is that politics surrounds our group. Every time I open my mouth, it's a political statement.

HIGH TIMES: It takes a special type of person to make the Guardian Angels. But there must be plenty of kids who don't have the skill or the toughness to make it out there in the jungle. Can't they be involved somehow?

SLIWA: There are young people who are capable of getting involved in volunteer service, but who in no way, shape or form have the skills to be Guardian Angels, because of physical limitations and inability to personally control themselves. The idea is that the Guardian Angels are going to expand into many areas of volunteer service, like helping out senior citizens, for example.

To be able to stand there in a train and have three guys taunting you, saying things like "Fuck the Angels," "Your mother sucks dick." That's the whole beauty of the group: to demonstrate self-control.

The other importance of the group is—especially in New York City—that it is the only time it's ever been demonstrated that blacks and Hispanics are good for something other than ending up on Riker's Island. I mean, all blacks and Hispanics have this idea about themselves, that the only place they're going to end up is on Riker's Island. It's a sickness.

You don't know how many black and Hispanic guys, older men and women, come up to me and say, "You know, yours is the only program where our people—our people, including me and I'm not black or Hispanic, they lose their heads for a second—"our people are showing that we can do more than just rip people off." It's the only way they have to show that they can fight back and win.

HIGH TIMES: The Angels started in New York City patrolling the subways, and to a large extent you've become identified solely with that type of work. Now, though, you have chapters in many cities that don't have a subway system. How do you operate in these areas?

SLIWA: Most cities are more in tune to the scenario of Los Angeles than New York. Most major cities don't have any forms of mass transit aside from buses. And so the group in Los Angeles does what groups in the other sixteen chapters normally do: foot patrols through the neighborhoods and the hot spots; the street scenario down near the discotheques, the main intersections and the 7-Elevens at night where a lot of the petty crime takes place.

HIGH TIMES: Are these neighborhood patrols comprised of people from that particular neighborhood? For instance, would you use a group of guys from the barrio to patrol West Hollywood?

SLIWA: Well, there would be less problems in that than if we were to take the group from the San Fernando Valley into the barrio, only because of the gang activity of the Chicanos there. But, that changes. Like you go to Philadelphia and you won't dare march an all-black group into a white area, but you might march an interracial group into a black area. It really varies from city to city. Like Boston, you don't even bring a white into a black area and you don't bring a black into a white area.

HIGH TIMES: By the way, I met your building's grievance committee while I was coming up the stairs. They were very unhappy.

SLIWA: They are unhappy. Shit.

HIGH TIMES: They don't want you guys in the building?

SLIWA: That's because they don't give a damn about anybody but themselves. They don't care about me living here; they object to all the niggers and spics going up and down. That's exactly the way they tongued it.

The fact of the matter is they've got no grievance because this is the safest building in the Bronx. They can hang out in front. They can go up and down the halls and not even worry about getting ripped off or mugged or broken into. They have no worries at all.

continued

HIGH TIMES: They claimed that your people are smoking dope in the lobby and up on the roof.

SLIWA: That's baloney. Everybody loves me but nobody wants to live next to me.

HIGH TIMES: Why do you think crime, street crime in particular, has gotten so out of hand lately?

SLIWA: Just take a look around at all of these young little whippersnappers, the crimes they commit. Jumping from fire escape to fire escape and kicking in doors; all of these crimes can be stopped simply by the people reacting to them. Somebody sees a kid jumping from fire escape to fire escape and doesn't say anything. Somebody hears a kid kicking in the door. Somebody sees kids staking out apartments and staking out buildings. It would be so easy to say, "Hey, what are you looking for?" "Oh, I'm waiting for my friend." "Who's your friend?" "Where does he live?" "Does he live here?" "Beat it kid or I'm calling the cops." That's what they used to do years ago. Nowadays you're afraid to even stick your head out the window because somebody is going to shoot you. We live in fear.

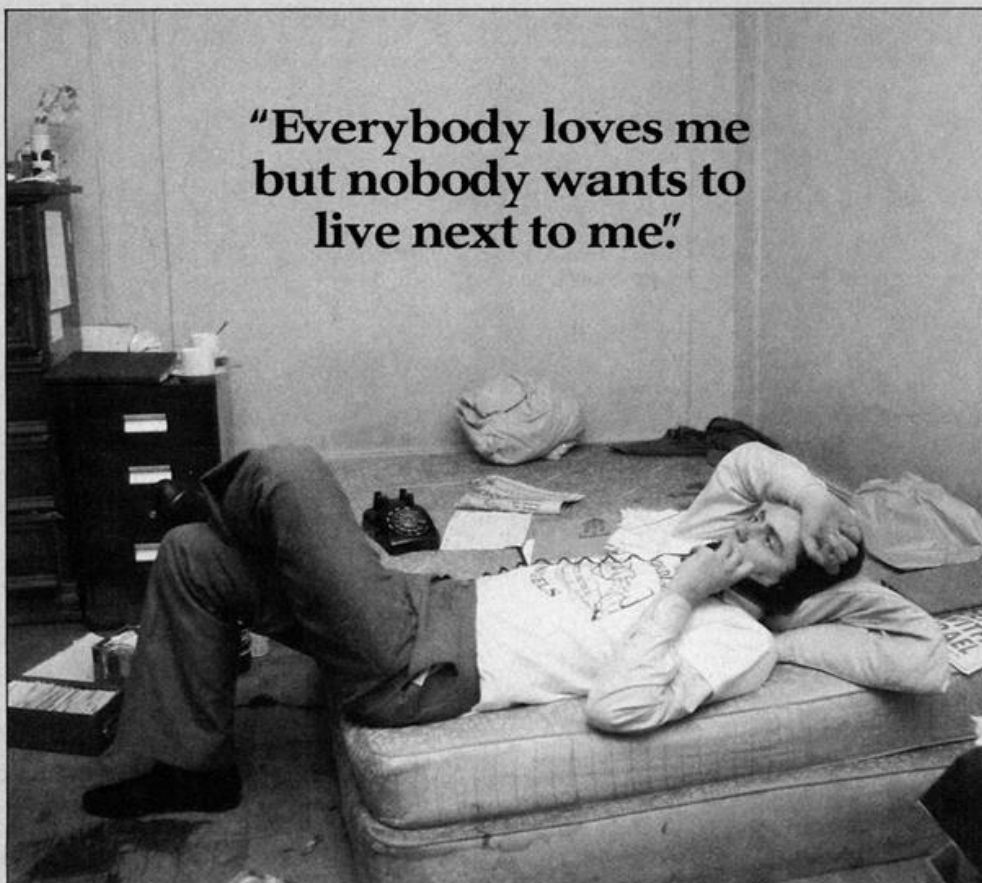
I don't believe that crime is a complicated thing. I believe it's a very simple thing. Nowadays it's people, whether they're rich, poor or in between, who steal because they want things now that they're not willing to wait for; it is a question of take what you can, when you can take it, or it will be taken from you. So if you happen to be poor and you're hanging out on the corner and a fellow who lives in the neighborhood is walking past with a brand-new pair of sneakers, the first question you ask is, "Hey, man, mighty fine looking sneakers. What size are those?" Right then and there, the dude better not answer the correct size or those sneakers are going to be off his feet because you're going to have a bullet right upside his head.

HIGH TIMES: For a pair of sneakers?

SLIWA: That's right. It's been done time and time again. Now, okay, that's the sense of the street crime. You know, the viciousness over senseless killing. Over just a forty-dollar pair of sneakers. See, time-honored tradition says you go to Sears, you buy the economy brand of sneakers. They're retreads: Like you have tire retreads, you have sneaker retreads. All right. Hey, if you ain't got the bucks you do what you can to get by. But nowadays you say, "Hell, no, man. I want a style, I want Ponies, I want Pumas, I want Adidas." Sneakers in the ghetto are like a fancy pair of ninety-dollar Florsheim shoes.

HIGH TIMES: Ghetto Guccis, you might say.

SLIWA: Ghetto Guccis with two different bottles of liquid polish in the back pocket. Spotless. Every block you go you whip out the liquid polish and you just buff, buff any of the brush spots. If somebody bumps into you and scuffs your sneakers you're ready to blow their brains out. That's the worst crime you can do is to scuff somebody's sneakers. And did you notice how they have the laces, the laces that never tie? They are always loose and easy. Now you say to yourself, "That's a man who's not ready to snatch a



**"Everybody loves me
but nobody wants to
live next to me."**

chain." You know when they're ready to snatch a chain because they've got their laces tied. Because when the laces are loose they can't run. If they run their sneakers will fall off.

HIGH TIMES: Why would they have them loose in the first place? Why not just keep them tied all the time?

SLIWA: Because that means you're ultra cool. It's like you're chilly willy. But when you see them tie their sneakers, forget it. Grab your gold because they are ready to snatch and run.

Also, when you see a guy wearing a brand-new pair of sneakers that are unscuffed and he's got them tied, look out. Because those are not the kind of sneakers you wear except for special occasions. See, you've got your special-occasion sneakers, your everyday sneakers and your playground sneakers; many guys have twenty to thirty different pairs of sneakers.

Now on the other end of the spectrum you have the superrich who embezzle billions of dollars or stock. They are also stealing for *their necessities*. The Jacuzzi, summer home on the Riviera, the mortgage on the yacht, the woman they've got tucked off on the side.

HIGH TIMES: What, as you've seen them, have been the effects of drugs and drug use in the urban areas you've been patrolling these past years?

SLIWA: Well, I'll tell you this much. The reason we don't have riots anymore is because of drugs. If you remember, in the late '50s, '60s and early '70s there was a tremendous upsurge in gang violence. Then all of a sudden there was marijuana, you know, open

and public. Then the pills of all different varieties started flying. The gangs began to disperse. People started getting so ripped and stoned that they started straying. There was no structure; there was nothing that began to tie them together. They began to get very introspective. So a whole society of individuals was created as opposed to a people who are into group-oriented things.

I have traveled through every major housing project, places in Cleveland, Houston, Miami, Liberty City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, Boston; they are no different. They are always the same. People are intoxicated; people are stoned off their bird. And rather than try to elevate themselves, rather than try to escape the ghetto, they have created a ghetto mentality in which they only want to remain high twenty-four hours a day.

HIGH TIMES: Let's say you see a guy pushing on the street. Can you as an Angel do anything about it?

SLIWA: He could have heroin. He could have poppies growing out of his ears. It's none of our business. He could have a whole barrel full of cocaine and be walking down the train, walking through the cars and shoveling it into people's noses and giving it away. It's none of our business. We just won't deal with it. We won't take it but we won't deal with it either. Pimping, propositioning, none of our business. A person selling hot goods—we don't question the way he got it. We know it's hot but it's none of our business. But God forbid someone should interfere with a person, harass them, rape them, beat them, savage them, steal their personal property, vandalize. We're go-

ing to be there to deal with them on that.
HIGH TIMES: What would happen if you did try to roust a dealer?

SLIWA: What would happen? We would be arrested. Entrapment. We set the guy up, assault and battery. These guys are not stupid. And the next morning you'll read in the *New York Post*, the *Daily News*, "Vigilantes beat up an..." and they won't mention dope dealer. They'll say we planted this shit on them because we didn't like them. Remember, I studied the law, inside and out, and that's why you don't see Angels in any correctional facilities in this city. Even with all of the animosity that the cops have generated to us. Because I will not let them get involved where it can be perceived as violating a person's rights.

HIGH TIMES: How does it stand now between the Angels and the New York City Police Department? From your group's inception there was bad blood between you. Every day it seemed the papers were reporting a new bunch of accusations and counteraccusations. Have things gotten better, worse or what?

SLIWA: Well, I'd say that it's better now because there have been orders from the police chief down to each of the precincts advising the men to cooperate fully with the Angels regarding any civilian arrests we make, and in general to keep from harassing the Angels.

HIGH TIMES: How would they harass you?

SLIWA: Oh, tickets, summonses, they'd take you down and hold you the complete eight hours, the old anal check, you know. They'd ask for your ID and then they'd write you out a bunch of tickets.

Now, if you didn't have your personal ID, and when they called home someone did not verify who you were, you spent the whole night in the can. And if it was the weekend, they shipped your butt out to the monkey cage till Monday. Now, imagine how degrading that is.

HIGH TIMES: I know how degrading that is.

SLIWA: Then they'd put you in the monkey tank with your Guardian Angel shirt on, throwing you in with forty or fifty dudes saying, "Hey, fellas, look what we have here. Guardian Angels." It's like throwing you to the lions. For a time there were phone calls every night, harassments, tickets, arrests, smoking, criminal mischief—you name it.

HIGH TIMES: So, has there been a noticeable change in the attitude of the individual policemen that you've encountered on patrols?

SLIWA: Those who supported the idea now will speak openly with us, whereas before they were afraid to be seen speaking to us by their peers.

HIGH TIMES: What was the cops' argument originally against the Angels?

SLIWA: Their union took the attitude that we were stealing jobs from them, that it was an attack on their ability to get more cops in the future. Their pension and welfare system would suffer; they wouldn't be able to send their kids to college. They ran

continued on page 96

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THE OLD MAN LEANED CLOSE TO THE SMALL MIRROR, meticulously adjusted a few gray whiskers in his mustache, and brushed a renegade salt-and-pepper hair from his forehead. Then he stepped back and stared dispassionately at the results.

What he saw was a man on the far side of 60, an old man who looked more Spanish than Indian, more rich than poor, more reserved than expressive. At six feet, he was tall for a Mexican, but the stoop that had come with the years and the rumpled and loose-fitting white linen suit made him appear much shorter. He was the image of a man

ESCAPE FROM GUADALAJARA

SET UP, BUSTED AND ROTTING IN A MEXICAN JAIL; OVER THE WALL, UNDER THE WALL, OR THROUGH THE FRONT GATE, THEY'LL GET OUT. .OR DIE TRYING.

BY MICHAEL DORGAN

THE EVENTS DEPICTED HERE ARE TRUE. DETAILS AND IDENTITIES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT INDIVIDUALS.



who had grown old with a quiet dignity.

He was perhaps the owner of a small hacienda. Or maybe even a scholar. When he turned from the mirror, his left leg dragged slightly between his stronger right leg and the cane in his left hand.

"Beautiful," gushed the big man squatting on an orange crate a few feet away. "Perfect!"

The old man turned and stared at him with the same dispassionate look he had given himself in the mirror. Then slowly his face split into a wide, mischievous grin.

"Bet your sweet ass I'm perfect, Al," he said. "Would you expect any less?"

With that, the old man reached up with his right hand and peeled the full head of salt-and-pepper hair off his scalp. Then with his left, he ripped off the mustache, revealing the face of André Banjeau, a handsome, 30-year-old French Canadian pot smuggler who in less than an hour would attempt to lead the second-ever successful breakout from Mexico's Guadalajara State Penitentiary.

Actually, it would be less a breakout than a walkout. At exactly 5 P.M., when Wednesday visiting hours ended, the old Mexican gentleman would step from André's cell and attach himself to the stream of visitors leaving the prison. Behind him would be two others, also in elaborate disguise. At the exit gate the men would present the guard with numbered visitor's tags, which the guard would match to slots containing fake ID cards that had been placed there at a cost of \$15,000. The men would then present the cards for confirmation of identity at the final two checkpoints and step from the prison free men.

That, at least, was the plan. If anything in their appearance or manner aroused recognition or suspicion in even one of the hundreds of inmates and dozens of guards they would have to file past, or if last minute cowardice or treachery prevented the IDs from being placed, or if the cards looked forged or failed to match their appearances, then their efforts would lead not to freedom but to the dark pit in the basement of the prison reserved for those who had tried but failed. Unless, that is, they were already outside the inmate area before being discovered; in that case, they might be shot.

André stretched out on his bunk and tried to squeeze the thought out of his mind. The hole, where there were rats as big as rabbits and a two-item menu of tortillas and water, was grim enough. Death was...

"Christ, it's hot in here," said André, interrupting his own thought.

Al shrugged. André knew it was a useless complaint. The blankets they had stretched across the bars of the cell to prevent anyone from peeking in on their preparations would have to remain in place until they were ready to go. But the heat, especially when suffused with the bean farts Al had

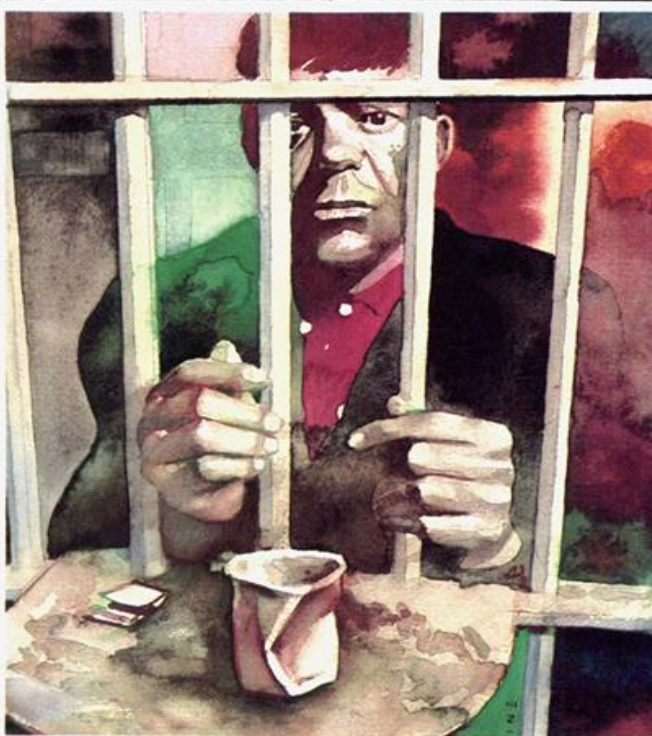
been oozing continuously since his first day in prison, was suffocating.

"The air couldn't be worse if I stuck my head up your ass and breathed directly off your bowels," grunted André as he again checked his appearance in the mirror. He drew a finger beneath an eyebrow, where sweat was diluting his makeup and causing it to run.

"This may be your last chance to find out," countered Al.

Death. It's on his mind, too, thought André. Beneath the patter it's there.

He tried to force his attention to other thoughts. When that failed he breathed deeply and tried to relax. Slowly, anxiety over the risks of the impending escape attempt began to leave him, and his reverie drifted back over recent weeks and months. He could see an implacable logic, a thread of pre-



dictability in the way things had turned out. He wasn't certain how far back the thread extended, but he knew it stretched at least to that first morning in the mountains...

DAWN BROKE THAT DAY LIKE A wound, a sudden slash of red at the edge of the black Mexican night. Then the red dissolved into a warm pink light that poured over the scrub pine and cacti that had squeezed their way up through the sun-packed red clay.

Nothing really grew well in the clay, but a few things thrived in abundance: scrub pine and cactus—and marijuana. There was nothing exotic about the weed that sprang from these harsh mountains about 50 miles out-

side Puerto Vallarta, but it was good commercial smoke. And it was cheap. The \$17,000 André and Jake had stuffed in their boots would buy enough to fill their Jeep.

It would, that is, if there were no more fuckups. Already there had been several. When Chico had phoned André in Canada a week earlier, his message was cryptic but he clearly indicated there were 300 kilos ready to go. But when André and Jake had arrived at the pickup spot a few days ago they were told there were 300 pounds, not kilos, and even that wasn't quite ready for delivery.

Though frustrated by the short weight and the delay, André had known there was nothing to do but wait patiently for the 300 pounds while trying to find another supplier to fill out the load. The compartment he had built into the fiberglass hull of the catamaran could accommodate twice the 300 pounds and the risk was the same.

But there was extra risk in making contacts to buy more weed, so after copping another 100 pounds André had decided not to press his luck. Now the 100 pounds were loaded in the boat, which Lisa and Cheryl were already pulling toward the border behind the motor home. They were to regroup at noon—still more than six hours away as André negotiated the final curve in the pitted dirt road before the clearing where Chico had said he'd be waiting to complete the exchange. Close behind André was Ted, Jake's inexperienced hired man, driving the van that would transport the 300 pounds to the motor home.

The clearing was empty. By seven they began to worry and by eight they had started their engines to leave. Just then a plume of fine red dust rose in the distance. Soon they could see that the source of the dust was a small motorcycle carrying two men. The man in front was stiff-armed and straining to keep the bike in a well-worn rut, but grinning. The man behind was clutching the driver with one arm and waving wildly. It was Chico.

There had been a small problem, said Chico, and the dope wasn't yet ready. But he pledged solemnly that it would be by the time they arrived at the home of an amigo a few miles away. André knew that a Mexican peasant's sense of distance could be as imprecise as his sense of time, but there seemed nothing to do but go. Chico hopped in the back of the Jeep and off they sped, leaving the guy on the motorcycle grinning by the side of the road.

The "few miles" to Chico's friend's house took more than an hour. The sun was now high overhead and burned down on the Jeep as if focused through a magnifying lens. When Chico finally signaled to him to turn into the yard of a small adobe house, André was disappointed to see three strange Mexicans lounging by the door. His

disappointment turned to bewilderment when he realized that one of the strangers was the guy who had been driving the motorcycle. He was still grinning.

Before they had time even for introductions a brown Ford van passed slowly along the highway. The guy with the grin lifted his arm and waved. Just then someone else yelled, "Federales!" and the four Mexicans scampered in every direction.

André, Jake and Ted stayed put. Unlike the Mexicans, they had no place to go. And they were still clean. The 17 grand may not have been easy to explain, but they knew that money in Mexico resolves more questions than it raises. As for the guns they were packing, if they could explain the money, the money would explain the guns. Though the firearms were illegal, it would be easy to convince a court it was stupid to carry all that money without means to protect it. It would be assumed they were trying to buy dope, of course, but assumptions meant little in court, even in Mexico.

The brown Ford cruised about 200 yards beyond the house and then pulled over at the side of the road. The gringos couldn't run and they couldn't deal, so they sat and waited, hoping the van would leave and their suppliers return. They still weren't certain the van was occupied by *federales*, and still weren't sure there would be problems, even if they were *federales*.

Ten minutes they waited, then 20. Nothing moved but the air that shimmered off the hot asphalt of the highway. Finally Ted jumped in the van, saying he was going to see who was in the Ford and find out what they wanted. Then off he roared before André could remind him he didn't even speak Spanish.

When Ted reached the other van he pulled to a halt beside it. Again, nothing moved. André and Jake waited another ten minutes before they too decided to investigate. André stuffed the 9mm Colt automatic he had brought as a present to a grower into his belt. Jake did the same with a little .25 caliber automatic, also brought as a gift. Already the trip was running amok—they weren't about to see it end by getting ripped off by bandits. If the Ford was carrying bandits, they were going to open fire. If it carried *federales*...well, they weren't sure just what they'd do.

As André and Jake approached the vans, three men piled out of the Ford and stepped into the road. They were armed to the teeth and, though they wore no uniforms, André and Jake knew in their smugglers' hearts they were heat. André let off the gas and the little AMC Jeep sighed to a near stop. Ted was nowhere in sight. Then, just as the *federales* relaxed their expectations, André dropped into second gear and slammed the gas pedal to the floor.

Good on the trail but bad on the quarter mile, the Jeep had covered only a few yards before its passengers heard the roar of gunfire as four bullets thumped through the windshield. Their only protection in the open Jeep was the backs of their seats, which was no protection at all, yet in the great adrenaline rush of the moment there was no room in André's mind for the thought *stop*. There was no room, in fact, for any thought; there was only an aching desire to go faster.

He was in fourth gear and wrapped like a wild-eyed Meth monster around the steering wheel when André became aware of his first thought: They've stopped shooting! Then a second thought: We've made it! We're free!

André heard the sudden roar of another engine above the strained whine of the Jeep. He glanced to his left just as the more

THE SHOTGUN MUZZLE
was about two feet
from André, pointed
directly at his nose.

powerful Ford pulled up beside him. In the passenger window a pair of dark excited eyes looked out over the barrel of a big-bore shotgun. The muzzle was about two feet from André, pointed directly at his nose.

This time they stopped. Two *federales* jumped from the van and pulled André and Jake from the Jeep. They shoved them face down onto the scorching asphalt and jerked their T-shirts up to their necks and their jeans down to their knees. When Jake raised his cheek a few inches above the pavement, he was given a quick kick to the ribs and a weighted boot heel against the back of his neck.

Now that they were safely subdued, the side door of the van was thrown open and out rolled *el jefe*, a 350-pound doughball they called Chuchu.

At first glance he looked young, maybe

early 20s. But, after a closer look, André determined that this was only because the skin on his face was too filled with fat to wrinkle and because he had no whiskers, just beads of sweat for sideburns and a mustache. He wore an expensive European suit, but it gave him the appearance of a parody of fashion, of a formless mass, given shape only by the double stitching of his seams.

Chuchu stared down at his captives with a look of contempt mixed with curiosity. Then he motioned toward their feet, where their pants were bunched around their boot tops. The skinny lackey who had stuck the shotgun in André's face responded with bewilderment, then nodded with understanding. Grasping André's left boot with both hands, he gave a jerk that dragged André's face across the hot asphalt before the boot slipped off.

The sudden lack of resistance sent the skinny guy's hands flying high into the air. And out of the boot, like swallows from a magician's hat, fluttered dozens of 50- and 100-dollar bills.

The boot puller gasped. The other lackey and Chuchu stood silent, eyes wide. Then Chuchu motioned to André's other foot. Again there was a flutter of bills. Then Jake's boots were yanked off with the same results.

Once all the money had been collected, counted and recounted, Chuchu again turned his contemptuous stare to André and Jake.

"Where is the rest of the money?" he demanded in Spanish.

"There is no more money," answered André. "You have it all."

"You're lying," said Chuchu. "I know there's more money. I also know there's a motor home and a boat."

Motor home. The word rolled like a Winnebago over André's stomach. If they found the motor home they would find Lisa. And if they found Lisa...

Suddenly it hit him. First there had been only excitement and fear; only now did reality come crushing down. Busted! Busted and probably going to jail, maybe for a long time! And if they found Lisa, she too would go to jail.

THE THOUGHT OF LISA IN A Mexican jail made him nauseous. André's smuggling career had been twice interrupted by jail, once in Amsterdam and once in Quebec, and he was confident he could at least endure. He was strong and young, and his survival skills had been kept sharp by his continuous clandestine maneuverings through a half dozen foreign cultures. But Lisa...

A year ago she hadn't yet smoked her first joint. Given the circumstances of her life, it was surprising she ever had. Reared in a

God-fearing family of farmers in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, Lisa, then 26, had known wealth but never indulgence. The wealth had come from hard work, was wrenched from the soil in an even exchange for sweat and strain. From her mid teens she had worked 14 hours a day, never knocking off for an afternoon of milk shakes, movies and marijuana—as did so many of her generation. She married, before 20, a man whose chief attraction was his potential for helping manage the extended family's ever-extending holdings. They bought a house, had a kid and settled comfortably into the only life Lisa could then imagine.

Then came André. They met on a beach during one of her few, and his many, idle hours. Two weeks later she told her husband she wanted a divorce. Now barely a year later she was being sought for dope smuggling by the Mexican police. André felt no guilt about leading her astray—she was, he often said, an owl just waiting for night. But he was worried.

TWO HOURS LATER HE was still worried, but for a different reason. Rather than take them to the nearest station, the *federales* cruised the mountains deliberating their next move. Wedged face-down between Jake and Ted on the corrugated metal floor of the van, André could hear only fragments of the conversation, but what he heard was enough to make him fear the worst.

The *federales* had the 17 grand and no witnesses to the arrest, none at least who were about to come forward and contradict them. They were convinced that if they found the motor home they would find more money, but then there would also be more equipment and more suspects, and the case would become much more complicated.

The little guy whose wild eyes had stared down at André over the barrel of the shotgun argued to settle for what they had in hand. They should keep the money, shoot the gringos, he argued, and blame the murders on bandits. If they hauled the gringos to jail, they'd have to turn in at least part of the cash, and, so far, there was no evidence to make the charges stick anyway. They had no doubt the gringos were smuggling, but they hadn't caught them with the marijuana that would be needed for a conviction.

Chuchu listened intently, frequently nodding in agreement. But he was concerned about witnesses, he said. How many had scattered when the brown van approached? Three? Four? Five? All of them would find out what happened to the gringos. And what they knew they would tell to others. It

could be big trouble killing *norteamericanos*; could cost him his job, even his freedom. Yes, it was much money. But no, they would not kill the gringos and keep it—not all of it.

Fifteen minutes after Chuchu made that decision the van came to a stop and André, Jake and Ted were dragged onto the main street of a small village they didn't recognize. A half dozen passing peasants stopped to stare, a modest audience, but sufficient to inspire the *federales* to dramatize the moment by roughly shoving their prisoners into the one-room adobe jail.

Inside there was a single cell, measuring about 12 by 15 feet, inhabited by two drunks. One was passed out in a heap in the corner, the other slouched against a wall, red eyes staring out blankly over a thick mustache gobbled with vomit. There were no beds



nor other furnishings, and the only plumbing was a six-inch hole in the floor, the rim of which was encrusted with shit and buzzing with flies. André picked out a clean spot on the floor next to a wall and plopped down. He was glad to be alive.

His joy was short-lived. Nights in the cell were numbing cold, days suffocatingly hot. Because none of the confiscated money was returned, they were unable to buy outside food, as is allowed in virtually all Mexican jails. They dined instead on the stale tortillas and bitter beans brought by the jailer. Boredom was relieved only by frequent squats over the hole in the floor.

Shortly after noon on the third day, the outer door of the jail was thrown open and there, framed in blazing sunlight, stood Lisa. André's heart leaped to his throat and his brain spun with the vaguely formed notion

that she had somehow come to get him out. Then he noticed the expression on Lisa's face, and that behind her stood Cheryl, and behind Cheryl a half dozen *federales*. André's heart dropped with a thud back down to his chest—she had not come to get him but to join him.

The five gringos spent the night huddled together for warmth and reassurance. They were awakened before dawn and hustled into a van. No one told them where they were going, but within two hours they were at the Puerto Vallarta headquarters of the federal police. There they were introduced to a short, thin man with eyes like steel pellets. He wore a pinstriped suit and an air of grave importance. He was one of Mexico's top drug-enforcement officials, explained Chuchu in a reverential tone, and he was "very, very interested" in their case.

André knew immediately the implications of the top narc's interest. Although the *federales* had found the 100 pounds of weed stashed in the boat when they found Lisa and Cheryl, André had still hoped to negotiate their release. But now there were too many officials involved, too many palms to grease. He had smuggled out of Mexico for long enough to know that corruption was rampant at every level of government—especially among the drug *policia*—but he also knew there were times you couldn't buy your way out. He was beginning to fear this was one of those times.

The next day he became almost certain of it. When Pellet Eyes and his interpreter returned for what André assumed would be another 12-hour interrogation session, he carried under his arm newspapers from Mexico City featuring front-page coverage of their bust. They were, they learned, top operatives of a major international drug ring that had been smashed through clever and courageous police work—front-page testimonials to the efficiency and integrity of Mexican drug officials. They were to be strung up like prize fish to show that not all of the big ones get away.

Throughout the day and into the night they were grilled about every detail of the operation: Who had sponsored them? Where had they crossed into Mexico? How long had they been here? Who sold them the weed? Who else was planning to sell them weed? Where was the rest of the money? Where were the other accomplices? Again and again the questions came as Pellet Eyes sought contradictions in their answers.

While at headquarters, the prisoners, though sometimes in the same room, were kept separated to prevent them from harmonizing their stories. On the third day, however, a guard stepped out for a cup of coffee, giving André and Jake a few minutes for conversation.

"I'm going out," whispered Jake. "To-

night. I'm going to jam the automatic lock on the door to the roof and then go over the wall. How about it?"

André too had access to the door, but Lisa did not. He thought it over for a moment, but only a moment.

"Can't do it," he said. "I can't leave Lisa here alone."

"Look," said Jake, "you can do her more good on the outside. What good are you doing her here?"

"At least I'm close," answered André. "No, I can't leave her. What about Ted?"

"What about him?"

"Aren't you going to take him?"

"I don't know if I'll get a chance to talk to him. Besides, he's such a flake he'd probably fuck it up for both of us. I don't know. I'll see."

He was right about Ted, thought André. The guy had neither experience nor natural ability at smuggling, which had made having him along awkward enough before the bust. Now that the bust had come down, he was showing not only incompetence but psychological instability. He had a nasty streak of West Texas redneck racism, and his hatred of Mexicans and the absolute power they now held over him was causing him to come loose at the seams. He sat for hours sputtering about "stupid god-damn beaners."

"But listen," continued Jake, "before I go I'm going to try to take some of the heat off the rest of you by signing a confession. I'll say it was all my idea, that I was the leader and that—"

The guard had returned to the room.

THE NEXT DAY, JAKE WAS gone. After a frantic search for him, Chuchu and Pellet Eyes loaded the remaining four prisoners into a van and hauled them to the Puerto Vallarta municipal jail, where they were held under special guard for fear Jake would return to try to free them.

At the municipal jail the interrogation intensified. They had already given Pellet Eyes a lot of information, but still he seemed to think they were holding back. He wanted more, and when it wasn't forthcoming, he turned mean.

A Mexican diving-shop owner André had known for several years, but with whom he had never had drug dealings, was brought in for questioning. When he provided no information, he was strung up by his heels. One of the guards borrowed a T-shirt from Lisa and stuffed it into the merchant's mouth while another guard mixed chili powder into a bottle of carbonated mineral water. Then they held the shop owner's head while the other shook the bottle and shot its contents up the shop owner's nose.

For the guards, it was a great joke. For the shop owner, it was nearly death—unable to breathe though nose or mouth, he almost drowned.

Next, an old grower André had done business with was brought in and hung up by his thumbs. When he refused to give information, he was beaten with hoses. When even that failed to make him talk, the guards wrapped the bare wires at one end of an electrical cord about his genitals and plugged the other end into a wall socket. When he lost consciousness, the old Mexican was unwired and shoved into the corner of a cell.

The interpreter turned to André. "Now, Mr. Banjeau," he said in his crisp, impeccable English, "let's start at the beginning."

There was no cause for alarm in the content of the words, yet there was a finality in

THE GUARDS WRAPPED the bare wire at one end of an electrical cord about his genitals and plugged the other into a wall socket.

the way he emphasized "the beginning" that sent an icy tremor up André's spine.

"We've told you everything" pleaded André. "Honest. We'll sign confessions if you want, but please, you've got to believe us."

It was exactly what Pellet Eyes had been waiting to hear. Though the gringos had confessed to much, they had refused to sign confessions, knowing that doing so would severely damage their defense once they got to court. They knew that, in the Mexican judicial system, most convictions are based on confessions. If the accused refuses to sign a confession he can argue in court that there was prejudice and corruption in the prosecution of his case, and, because Mexican police are viewed suspiciously even by many Mexican jurists, such allegations often lead to an acquittal or a reduced sentence. But if the accused signs a confes-

sion, he is usually doomed, even if he appears in court still wearing the bruises inflicted to extract the confession.

Within an hour, statements were drafted and presented for signing. All four were written in Spanish, though only André among the gringos spoke the language. When he read the document he was surprised by the exaggerated accounts of the crimes—including possession of weapons, possession of marijuana and international trafficking—that they were to agree they had committed. André was not surprised by the single understatement—concerning the amount of money in his and Jake's possession at the time of their arrest. Rather than \$17,000, the confession said they were carrying only \$4,000.

"A lot of this isn't true," he protested.

"Sign it," said the interpreter.

André signed.

Once the confessions were official, the prisoners were told they could consult an attorney. A *federale* who had been friendly to them said he knew the best attorney in the state and offered to summon him, an offer they gratefully accepted.

The lawyer's appearance was about what André had expected—late middle-aged, portly, expensive suit, somber manner. From the very beginning, what seemed to interest him most about the case was his fee. He wanted \$5,000 and the two rings Lisa was wearing as a down payment, and more later.

When André asked how much he would want later, the lawyer said another \$5,000. That was too much, André said. Eight thousand dollars total was the most he could pay. And no rings. The rings, each of which featured a cluster of large diamonds, were worth \$17,000. André didn't know if the lawyer was aware of their value, but he looked disappointed.

"It's a very difficult case," the lawyer persisted.

"I know that," replied André, "but eight thousand is a lot of money, all we can afford. I guess if you can't handle the case for that we'll have to—"

"No, no, I didn't say that. I just said it is a very difficult case. I will do my best on the eight thousand."

"One other thing," said André. "I can't give you five thousand up front. I can only give you twenty-four hundred."

Again the lawyer seemed disappointed, but it was obvious he was ready to take their case under almost any terms. André only hoped his bargaining wouldn't dampen the lawyer's enthusiasm for winning their freedom.

With the lawyer presumably hard at work on the defense, there seemed nothing to do but kick back and settle in for what they were beginning to fear could be a long stay. André managed to bribe his way into the large women's cell on the first floor,

while Ted was confined to a smaller cubicle upstairs.

Though the women's cell was large—about 12 by 14 feet—it was often crowded, especially on weekends, when the population would often rise to 12 or 13, most there for prostitution or petty thievery. Still, André, Lisa and Cheryl managed to make themselves fairly comfortable. Lisa had near \$2,800 that was not confiscated at the time of her arrest, so even after giving \$2,400 to the lawyer, they had plenty of money for blankets and fresh food. While hardly normal, life became quietly routine.

Then one day all hell broke loose. A morning roll call revealed that 14 male prisoners had escaped. In the dead of night they had made it onto the roof and had dropped over a wall—led, it was later learned, by the only other gringo in the jail, a young American being held on a drunk and disorderly charge. Though 12 of the escapees were picked up within 48 hours—all of them had headed straight for home—the escape left the warden in a lingeringly foul mood.

A short, thick man with thin hair combed straight back and held in place with heavy oil, the warden always wore a spotless, white safari suit with a cocked 45 automatic stuck in his belt. Rumor had it there was no bullet in the chamber. Still it was a gesture of grand machismo that seemed to intimidate most of the prisoners.

Also intimidating was the warden's manner of welcoming new male inmates, who on the first morning in captivity were ritually lined up and pistol-whipped. If they were in for theft, regardless of whether or not they had been convicted, their heads were shaved, which was particularly humiliating to Mexicans.

Because gringos were assumed to be connected in some way with wealth and power, André and Ted were spared the initial beating. But the warden resented the privileged treatment he had felt required to give them and made it clear they could expect no more favors. They did their best to stay out of his way.

Their lawyer, meanwhile, had already exhausted all possible motions with the area's one judge with jurisdiction over cases like theirs, and was working to have them transferred to the state penitentiary at Guadalajara. André didn't like the thought of a large state prison, but the lawyer assured him conditions were better there, and besides, they'd only be at Guadalajara a short time. A month, maybe two at the most, he insisted.

"I know very, very important people," the lawyer chanted on each visit. Then, raising his right hand before André's face, he would rub the thumb against the first two fingers, adding slyly, "and they listen to reason."

Another week passed. Then another. André was beginning to wonder, not only

about their release, but about whether they would even be transferred. Then, at last, the lawyer showed up with a fistful of papers, and the following day they were loaded in a van and hauled to Guadalajara.

Except Cheryl. Medical records had finally arrived from the States to convince the Mexican authorities that Cheryl was a severe manic-depressive. These, coupled with signed statements from the three other defendants claiming she was not even aware of the smuggling operation, led to all charges against her being dropped. The day she left for the States, the others were transferred to Guadalajara. Before leaving, she promised Ted, who had been drawn into the smuggling ring through her influence, that she would work ceaselessly for his release. Nonetheless, the loss of his manic-depressive girl friend left Ted even more depressed.

HE HAD NO INTENTION
of giving up
smuggling. It was,
after all, his
profession. And he
was good at it.

ANDRÉ'S FIRST LOOK AT THE state pen provoked a vague and uncomfortable feeling he had been there before. It was as if his darkest vision of prison had been fulfilled in granite and concrete. A set of tall gray stone walls rose to catwalks and medieval turrets patrolled by little men who looked like blue robots in the distance.

He felt no terror at the sight of the vast and forlorn prison, only a bewildered numbness at being confronted with something so out of human scale. He was not going to hell, he thought, but to purgatory.

Inside, the prison gave a different im-

pression altogether. A great iron gate opened onto a large courtyard. To the right was a small hospital and two little restaurants. On the far side was a large playing field and several shops where handcrafted shoes, furniture and other useful products were made and sold. Only when André looked to the left and saw the long rows of cellblocks did he remember that it was a prison and not a walled village.

André had assumed that, through negotiation or bribery, he and Lisa would remain together. He quickly learned that was impossible. Women were confined to a small, separate section of the prison and allowed contact with men only on visiting days.

André and Ted were assigned different cells in the same block. Once inside, they learned that cell assignments were an empty formality, that actual entry to a cell depended upon negotiating an agreement with whoever was already there. Partly because the small one assigned to André already had three occupants, and partly because each of the three looked vicious enough to slit a sleeping man's throat, André decided to spend that first night in the hall and then bribe his way into a better cell-block the next day. Ted decided to do the same.

They bought overpriced blankets from a guard and stretched out on the cold, filthy, concrete floor. It was late now and most lights were out, leaving a darkness filled with sneezes, wheezes, grunts, groans, snores and the scratchy sound of rats scurrying along the concrete. André lay on his back and stared up into the darkness. He felt crowded, invaded by all that surrounded him. And he felt desperately alone.

He had spent much of his life alone, emotionally as well as physically. He let few people get close. That had been especially true over the past 12 years of smuggling, a profession that had come easily to him, he often thought, precisely because of the emotional distance he maintained. That distance allowed him to

play whatever role he liked—he could be equally convincing as a middle-class businessman or a small-time tuna fisher.

At first the roles were only masks, but gradually they seemed to draw him into their reality. He could never be "just himself" because he no longer knew—maybe had never known—who he was. At times he felt split down the middle—half of him longing for the secure, stable family environment he had enjoyed as a youth in Montreal, the other half clinging to the fast, loose life he had lived since he was 17.

For a while he had thought it was possible to have both. At 20, he married and the family man in him settled down in a little house, where he fathered a son and began a career as a merchant of wood products. So

continued on page 66

WRESTLING

USA

BY CHESTER PATTON

It's Wednesday evening, a little after 7 P.M., and already all the good seats are gone. Cigar smoke and rough voices turn the air blue; laughter peals raucously from the rear of the building. A lot of money will change hands tonight, and God knows what will come after. A momentous occasion. Well, it's been a momentous year. Six months ago, almost to the day, 267 white boys had the literal shit kicked out of them by one of the largest Native American tag teams ever assembled for a single match. Gen. "Gorgeous" George Custer had amassed quite a considerable reputation as heavyweight champion of the U.S. Cavalry, though his tactics were not always sportsmanlike. Yes, Gorgeous George slung 157 effeminate pounds around with more than a little swagger in his gait, and not all enlightened fans will mourn his passing. Nevertheless, he will be remembered for the rough and ready competitor he always was.

It's a minute or so before the hour now, and all eyes face toward the stage. A few glance around for the scraggly gray beard and high forehead of President-elect Rutherford Hayes. Surely he hasn't missed the opportunity to be present at the dawn of a new era in martial art. But he has, so fuck him. Finally, six minutes after the hour, the men appear onstage.

Tonight, December 27, 1876, James Owens, the champion wrestler of Vermont and billed as champion of the Eastern states, would wrestle Col. James H. McLaughlin, killer of two men and maimer of a third, billed logically as champion of the West. The winner would win the \$1,000 purse and become the first heavyweight champion of the world. By decree. Fifty

FRANK GOTCH —vs— **GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT**

BRONCO NAGURSKI —vs— **STRANGLER LEWIS**

FABULOUS MOOLAH —vs— **MILDRED BURKE**

THE SHEIK —vs— **BRUNO SAMMARTINO**

DICK THE BRUISER —vs— **GORGEOUS GEORGE**

Mfd. by Allen Showprint, N.Y.C.

cents would get you into the second balcony to see this wonderful event. A dollar would reserve a nicer seat.

An interesting proposition, this: that two men, Americans, compete against one another with the mutual understanding that the winner of the match would then call himself not champion of Boston nor of Massachusetts nor of the United States, but wrestling champion of the world. Hyperbole? Yes. Offensive? Yes. Important? Not really. Two out of three falls and five hours later, Owens is crowned champion of the world.

The history of professional wrestling is a colorful and sordid one, which begins, of course, much further back in the past than the Owens-McLaughlin bout. But as our purpose here is to investigate the uniquely American style of pro wrestling from the Gorgeous George of the Little Big Horn through our own Gorgeous George of the little TV screen, a detailed explanation of its origins will bear little fruit. The sport (let's be generous) no longer greatly resembles the wrestling matches of 3,000 years ago, when a guy could wrestle for a really nice tripod, or, for second place, a skilled woman. The tripod was sort of the La-Z-Boy of 1000 B.C. Actually, it was little more than a glorified camp stool (often cunningly designed) that could sometimes be used to hang a pot of soup from; it was apparently a coveted item in the estimation of the early pro wrestler.

But we digress. Two and a half years later Jim Owens is defeated by H.M. Dufer for the world's title. But, due to referee indecision, Dufer does not get the championship belt and another time-honored tradition is engendered: Henceforward, both men will call themselves world champion.


In the 1870s and '80s professional wrestling exists by attaching itself to local fairs, cattle shows and big-city "sporting taverns," where gentlemen can sit and quaff ale while watching a pair of dim-witted leviathans struggle in each other's sweaty arms. Great fun. And fun it is at Harry Hill's saloon on the corner of Houston and Crosby in Manhattan for drinking buddies Thomas Edison, Oscar Wilde and P.T. Barnum, slinging back schooners of fine beer, sucking cigars and pounding the table with glee as the bleeding begins. All the action takes place under newly installed incandescent lighting, invented by Edison so he might see the half-naked men with greater clarity.

Emerging from this genial climate comes William Muldoon, wrestler, sometimes actor, and eventually New York's first boxing commissioner. In 1881 Muldoon wrestles Clarence ("the Kansas Demon") Whistler for a putative eight hours. The Kansas Demon loses the match, as well as his right ear. Hungry for revenge, he meets Muldoon two years later and succeeds in having his collarbone crushed. The Demon's most sincere claim to history is his relation to James Whistler, the American painter.

In '87 John McMahon calls himself the champ, as he defeats our Mr. Owens and goes on to become part of P.T. Barnum's

Theatre of Wonder. He and Vermont strongman Ed Decker wrestle for the audience and swap the title back and forth with great frequency. (To say that wrestling never recovered from this induction into the circus is to speak truth—the only wonder is that Barnum didn't pit the Fat Lady against the Flipper Boy. But, of course, that was to come later.)

With the dawn of a new century comes an arrogant Iowa boy who, at the age of 21 and by his own decree, is made the new champion of the world. This, as we have seen, should not be considered unusual. What is unusual is the fact that Frank Gotch makes good on this claim and defeats all comers for the next 14 years. Perhaps the most famous and touted set-to of all time is the collision between the American world champion, Gotch, and an incredible Russian grappler by the name of George Hackenschmidt. Hackenschmidt, a former personal bodyguard of the czar, brings to America the reputation of being the best Europe has to offer, as he all but rips the limbs from every wrestler who has the decided misfortune of finding himself opposite the scary Russian. In 1908



Slavering, foaming,
eyes rolling skyward,
Maniac Mark Lewin
screams "Yeet!
Yeet! Nyeet!"

Typhoid Mary is still at large, Henry Ford is cranking out something called a Model T, and Gotch meets Hackenschmidt for the first time. Gotch is the undisputed victor. Amazingly, it appears as if Frank Gotch is indeed the heavyweight champion of the world.

A few years earlier, ingenious San Franciscans had devised something they called "tag wrestling," a variation destined to remain popular throughout the century. The idea is to create an aura of fellowship by pairing two men against two men, thereby having a total of four persons involved in a single match. As the theory goes, only two men are in the ring simultaneously, their partners awaiting a slap of the hand to exchange places with their comrade. The most propitious method of executing such a match is to drag your opponent over to your team's corner and take turns with your tag partner to crush him into submission, unconsciousness or death. Such innovators are the Californians.

After the 1908 defeat Hackenschmidt is predictably hungry for a return match with the champ. Gotch, however, is uninterested, having something of a temperamental personality. Gotch is convinced, or says he is convinced, that Hackenschmidt is beneath

whatever fine moral qualities a wrestling gentleman should have and refers to Hackenschmidt in the most abusive terms printable. As Milton MacKaye so succinctly put it in a 1936 article, Gotch "considered himself as important as a United States Senator, and his manners were very little better." However, in 1911 a gentleman named Jack Curley, who is to become the most famous wrestling promoter and impresario of the century, by means as ingenious as they are devious, finagles the vociferous Mr. Gotch into meeting the great Russian again. Gotch stomps him again, and Hackenschmidt subsequently loses interest in the attempt to dethrone him.

On April 14 of the following year a 300-pound wrestling eunuch with the handle Yousif, the Terrible Turk (a popular sobriquet throughout the century), meets with misfortune off the banks of Newfoundland when the brand new *Titanic*, billed as "unsinkable," sinks after a collision with a large iceberg. Yousif, it is claimed, is sucked to the ocean floor by gravity, a quantity of gold carried in his belt making him even heavier than his already substantial size. Later that same year Frank Gotch, sometimes thought of as the last legitimate wrestler and perhaps the most skillful wrestling athlete of modern times, decides to retire. The title passes to a certain Dr. Roller who defeats someone named Charley Cutter for the honor.

In 1915 the authorities finally catch up with Typhoid Mary. Mary has the unique distinction of being what newspapers describe as a "veritable peripatetic breeding ground for typhoid bacilli." Apparently invulnerable herself, Mary is the most stunning example imaginable of the prototypical carrier of disease. To make the situation even more ghastly, Mary has what appears to be an insatiable passion for cooking and insists on making her living in this manner. New York health authorities have known about Mary since 1904, but she proves to be elusive, moving from job to job under assumed names, from restaurants to private homes to nursing institutions, even to Sloane Maternity Hospital, all in the capacity of handler and preparer of food. In 1915 Typhoid Mary is apprehended by authorities. Instead of receiving a bullet through the head, she is interned in Riverside Hospital on North Brother Island and kept there until her death, 23 years later.

In this same year the 55-year-old Dr. Roller loses his world's title to a gentleman who will become one of the enduring legends of pro wrestling; a man who quickly gains the reputation of being the most dangerous adversary of his time; a man who will terrorize wrestling for the next 20 years, winning and losing the world's title so many times it becomes pointless to enumerate them; a man who works out for untold hours on a wooden model of the human skull to discover the most effective method of crushing it in his meaty arms; the mighty Strangler: Ed ("the Strangler") Lewis.

The Strangler is not only a consummate practitioner of leverage and balance, a mas-



ter of the brain-damaging headlock and wizard of the "squared circle" (what ring announcers romantically and oxymoronically call the wrestling ring), he is indirectly responsible for a shift of style in the spectacle of pro wrestling so profound in its nature that it results in a new era of semiathletic vaudeville that will culminate 60 years later in the glazed eyes of a hypnotized maniac in south-central Texas.

Called the Strangler, for his punishing headlock, Lewis wraps his muscular arms about an opponent's head and squeezes and squeezes. Lewis develops this maneuver to a deadly science and, though there is no record of his actually having killed someone, there are rumors of brain clots, tumors, lesions and other difficulties appearing in the medical records of his adversaries—rumors that could be truth or propaganda, for wrestling fans love nothing so much as this sort of pseudo-information. But the sad thing is this: If you are among a crowd of ten or fifteen thousand spectators all trying to make out what in hell is going on with those two figures down there in the ring, lying motionless on the canvas for the last 45 minutes, you begin to wonder what you have paid your money to see. And after a while you don't give a flying mare who the jokers are in the ring, what their reputations are or how many opponents they have sent to the brain ward of Wrestler's Hospital. Add this to the emergence of World War I, when many wrestlers join up for the opportunity to try their manly techniques against solemn Germans in a dark French forest, and you have the beginning of waning interest in an already boring sport. Nevertheless, some wrestlers come to light in the early '20s: Joe Stecher, Earl Caddock (whose brilliant career is cut short by a tonsil operation gone awry), and the brothers Zbyszko (Stanislaus Zbyszko is said to be an educated

man who speaks a dozen languages and plays a hot accordion to develop his grip).

The inexorable decline of the spectacle/sport is stymied by the brilliant application of this grain of good sense: To get wrestling off its back, you must *get it off its back*. In 1928 this is what happens. Gus Sonnenburg, former football player for Dartmouth, changes wrestling forever by refusing to wrestle in his first match. Rather, at the bell, Sonnenburg charges his opponent, leaps into the air, and slams his well-muscled 225 pounds into the chest and face of the amazed mat man. Down he goes. Sonnenburg, by grafting the flying tackle onto the traditional methods of wrestling destruction, has taken pro wrestling off the mat and into the air.

Sonnenburg's contribution to the evolution of American pro wrestling is immediately appreciated by fans and inspires a new generation of wrestlers to explore this virgin territory of aerial combat. Fans are treated to the arousing sight of Jumping Joe Savoldi, yet another former football player, introducing the flying drop kick into wrestling and his opponent's face and chest. Joe executes this maneuver, which quickly becomes a favorite of spectators and a permanent "wrestling" tactic, by effecting a prodigious leap skyward and lashing out both feet horizontally to connect with the jaw, throat or chest of his curiously stationary opponent. These newfound athletic techniques, complemented by the introduction of Ira Dern's airplane whirl (a visually pleasing tactic in which one wrestler hoists the other way up onto his shoulders and turns round and round until the riding wrestler is presumably too dizzy to defend himself, at which time he is dashed to the canvas where he lays like a puddle) and Big Jim Browning's flying leg scissors (accomplished by flinging one's crotch at one's opponent, encircling him with your legs and squeezing his bowels clean), result in a tem-

porary resurgence of interest in wrestling. Spectators can now *see*. Wrestlers are no longer lying down and groveling on the canvas but are flinging each other madly into the ring ropes, running exuberantly about the ring, leaping, diving, charging and hurtling themselves at each other with murderous abandon. So amazed is the public at such extraordinary gymnastics and kinesthetic hyperbole that the wrestling boom continues right through the Depression until it is squelched in the mid '30s, due, according to sportswriters and promoters alike, in substantial degree to a new form of entertainment that is free.

By the mid '30s the national radio networks have been formed and are busy plying their audio wares. For some sports this is extremely advantageous, but for pro wrestling it is nearly catastrophic. It seems that while baseball or football or even boxing can be broadcast over the airwaves with results at least approaching believability, the same blow-by-blow (or hold-by-hold) broadcast of a wrestling contest is perceived by a listening audience as nothing so much as ludicrous. Difficult enough to forcibly maintain some suspension of disbelief while physically present at the match, listening to a radio announcer who is trying to explain what is happening in the ring without sounding like some fucking idiot is too severe a strain on audience belief.

Drastic times call for drastic measures. It is now put up or shut up time for wrestling. Sensing this, the promoters conceive of a new type of violence through which to assault the very concept of credibility. All restraints are shattered, any vestige of subtlety hunted down and exposed, no possibility left untried to wrest from the "sport" any remaining taint of legitimacy. We reach at this point the beginning of the second great evolutionary stride, which will be brought to final fruition in 11 years with the peaking career of the most famous wrestler of all time: Gorgeous George Wagner.

It is during these days that characterization is exploited to the ultimate limits of imagination. In these post-Depression days the foreign element begins its long and popular reign, with Jim Londos, vanquisher of Strangler Lewis, meeting and defeating all comers in a mock xenophobic frenzy. It is in 1934 that an unlovely 300-pound bearded nonathlete takes center ring in this true spirit of sideshowmanship. This gentleman, unsuccessful boxer, unsuccessful Shakespearean actor and unsuccessful Miami policeman, finds success by storming the wrestling circuit under the name of Man Mountain Dean (a.k.a. Frank Leavitt). A man mountain he is, and wrestling fans delight in the unusual sight of such copious poundage bounding gleefully upon a less corpulent challenger. The Man Mountain makes his presence felt atop the bodies of numerous competitors until being stopped cold by the champ, Jimmy Londos.

The late '30s are rather lean years for the sport, regardless of the ingenious efforts of

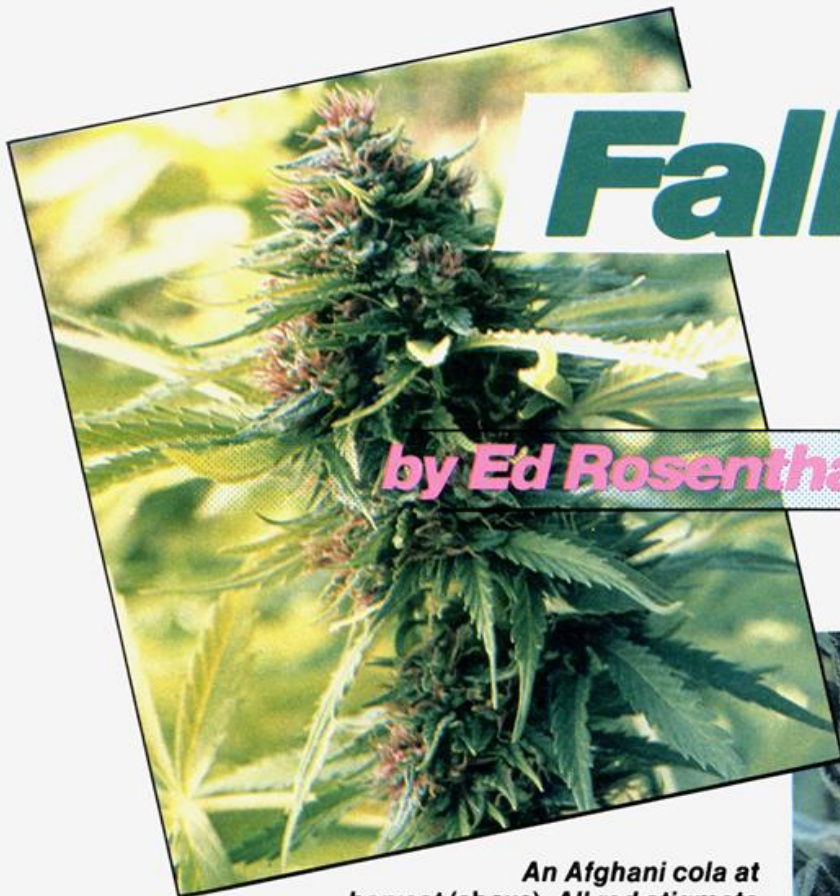
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Focus on Sports/Mickey Palmer

Fall Harvest Guide

by Ed Rosenthal and Mel Frank



An Afghani cola at harvest (above). All red stigmata such as these are rarely seen.

The base of a purple Mexican cola at harvest (right). Notice that the shriveled stigmata are still attached.

Purple Afghani colas harvested about two weeks too late. The tissues are abnormally swollen and contorted and most of the stigmata have fallen off (far right).



Autumn's here and the domestic marijuana harvest has begun. The major tasks of cultivation are nearly done. Attention turns to the question of when to harvest, an important decision for all growers, and then preparing the harvest by manicuring and drying.

Picked prematurely, the marijuana's potency is less than its potential. If allowed to ripen too long, the potency declines and the smoke may be harsh.

Different marijuana varieties mature earlier or later in the year depending on their origin. Equatorial varieties such as Colombian, southern Mexican, Nigerian and Thai mature quite late in the year, reaching full ripeness somewhere between mid November and late December. Obviously, except in the warmest parts of this country or in greenhouses, these varieties won't mature suffi-



Buds ripen at different times on the same plant. Here lower buds are left to ripen after the tops have been harvested.



Manicuring separates the less potent leaves and showcases the buds.



Male flowers drop copious pollen (left). A few male shoots in a glass of water (above) provides a continuous supply of fresh pollen safely apart from the females.

ciently before freezing weather forces you to harvest. If you are gardening in containers, you can bring the plants indoors and let them mature under lights. Varieties from more temperate climes, such as Afghani, Kush, northern Mexican, South African and adapted American, are ready for harvesting between August and early November.

Most growers cultivate sinsemilla (seedless marijuana) since both the quantity and quality of the grass increase. Sinsemilla usually takes from three to six weeks longer to mature than seeded marijuana. Growers in short-season areas often pollinate their crop not for the seeds per se, but because the seeded plants mature before fall frosts.

Marijuana survives mild frosts of short duration. There is no need to harvest prematurely if the frost is an early-season fluke, but do harvest before a severe or prolonged frost. A killing frost won't appreciably affect the potency, but the dried marijuana may look less appealing and may smoke harshly after drying.

A general rule for when to harvest seeded marijuana is to wait until the seeds have developed deep brown or mottled color and begin to "shell out" (that is, when you can see many darkened seeds splitting their protective bracts). Once the seeds become visible, harvest the plant within two weeks at most, since bracts with mature seeds will dry and die. The bracts are the most potent parts of the plant and when left dried in the sun their potency diminishes. Additionally, the seeds will fall or be lost during harvest.

Sinsemilla takes about 8 to 14 weeks to fully ripen from the time the buds or flower clusters begin forming. In most of the country then, where September or October frosts are expected, you should let sinsemilla grow as long as possible. The question is not one of picking too early; rather, it is a hope that frosty weather won't force you to harvest prematurely.

In somewhat warmer areas such as the Ozarks, the Southeast and parts of Oregon, heavy rains and humidity instead of frosts often force growers to harvest. Wet weather fosters mold and fungal growth especially in the buds. Fungus can ruin buds in a matter of days so growers must harvest before much damage is done.

It is in the warmest areas—Hawaii, California and the extreme South—that there can be a problem of picking too late. This is particularly true of the early-season varieties such as Afghani. Watch the development of the buds and their resin glands to decide when to harvest. Wait until the bracts (flower pods) swell and are covered with a coating of raised resin glands. Resin glands can be seen with good eyes and more easily with a hand lens. Most of the stigmata (or pistils) will be withered but still attached

to the bracts. Along the top and edges of the buds, the stigmata should still be fresh but their bracts will also be developed.

The resin should be clear and sparkling with few if any brown or amber heads. Anytime the resin begins to change color you should harvest. Don't wait until most of the stigmata have fallen and no fresh flowers are left on the buds. At this time the peak is passed and the potency is declining. Left growing, the leaves and bracts swell and contort abnormally and their tissue thickens as tars and resins build. Such overripe marijuana may make you cough and gag as though you were smoking the worst Colombian.

Even sinsemilla growers should produce some seeds for next year's crop. This is easily done by hand-pollinating a few buds on several choice females. Keep a few males or at least some male branches growing. They should be removed from the garden, away from the females. They can be planted in flower pots. Branches can be placed in a container of water. (Sinsemilla is grown by keeping the male flowers from pollinating the females.) As male flowers begin to open, each morning collect the pollen by gently shaking the flowers in a paper bag or clean jar. Transfer the pollen directly to the female flowers (the white stigmata) with a clean finger or artist's brush. Or place the paper bag over the end of a branch and close the bag with a wire twist or string. Shake the bag and remove the next day, first spraying the bag with water. Excess pollen adheres to the wet bag, reducing any unwanted pollination of the rest of the plant. Tag the plant with the date and variety of the male and female for future reference. When carefully done, several hundred seeds can be produced while most of the crop remains sinsemilla.

As soon as the plants are harvested they should be manicured and dried. The first step is to hang the plants. Plants can be hung whole or cut into convenient-to-handle branches one to two feet long. They can be easily attached to a wire or rope by hanging them upside down from a fork in the



branches. Smaller branches are sometimes secured using clothespins or metal ties. The idea is to hang all the plants first and then work on them so that the anaerobic bacteria do not start a natural ferment while the plants are piled. Heavily fermented buds have a tobaccolike taste after they have dried and aired. When they are working, the bacteria discharge ammonia, which has a distinctive, acrid odor. Gardeners harvesting only a few plants can cut them up first and then hang them.

After the plants are cut they are still alive, and the leaves and buds use some of the energy they have stored as sugar and starch.

Some of the chlorophyll is also destroyed, creating a more pleasing taste. The process of using stored energy takes place most quickly in darkness, and THC, the main psychoactive ingredient, is destroyed by light. Keep the plants in the dark. The plants die only as they dry up. They are easier to manicure when the leaves and buds are still fresh and pliable and there is less loss to crumbling.

There are three factors that determine how fast the plants dry: *temperature, humidity and air circulation*. By modifying any of these you can increase the drying time.

continued



It takes time and patience to remove tiny leaves in a vigorous manicure. It is easier to shear off the leaves that stick out (top).

The photo at left shows how the color of the grass depends on the curing to a large extent. Heavily cured grass shows some mold (right). A mild cure removes some of the green of fresh grass (left).

After drying, the buds are clipped from the stems for packaging and storing (above).

As the temperature increases, the amount of water that the air can absorb increases dramatically. At the same time, the plant's metabolic rate increases so that more water is transpired. At 60°F the drying time is three to five times as long as at 80°.

The higher the rate of humidity, the less water the air can absorb. If hung close together, plants that are losing water increase humidity to a high level very quickly. Still air reaches a saturation point and absorbs no additional water.

Increasing air circulation, by opening windows or vents or by using a fan to introduce fresh air, will modify the moisture levels.

Plants drying in a cool or damp room are occasionally attacked by mold before they get a chance to dry. If there are any signs of mold on the drying plants, increase the temperature in the room to hasten the drying process and slow the growth of the fungus. Fungus is usually detected either as a powdery growth, usually gray or tan, or as a fine web. In wet areas growers use dehumidifiers to prevent such problems.

If the plants are hung whole, cut them to workable-sized sections as you manicure. This enables you to work on only a small piece at a time, leaving the rest of the material undisturbed. Every time the plants are moved or touch another object, some of the resin glands fall off.

Manicuring is an art.

Each branch is like a rock containing gems, each uncut bud a jewel in the rough. The idea is to bring out the natural beauty and emphasize the attractive facets. Leaves are less potent than buds. Removing the leaves improves the appearance of the buds and presents them with their full potency, undiluted with leaves. Some people who grow for their own use dry the plants and manicure the buds only as they use them.

Start manicuring by removing the large fan leaves. Next, remove any small three- or five-bladed leaves that are sticking out. The remaining leaves are small one- or three-bladed leaves interspersing the buds. These leaves are covered with resin glands. Many of them are often left on to form a protective layer around the bud. They should not be so thick as to make the bud totally invisible. As a general rule it is best to trim a gangly cola into several smaller compact buds. But large colas that are amply covered with flowers should be kept in one piece.

There are several techniques of trimming. Some people shuck the plants using their long fingernails and a slight twist. Most people use scissors. Fingernail scissors work well. Scissors with spring action

are the most convenient since they don't tire the fingers as quickly. Sewing scissors with spring action and thin-pointed blades are convenient for reaching into the buds to remove smaller leaves. One manicurist uses a ring blade, sometimes used for cutting twine; she wears it on her index finger for fast removal of fan leaves. Large-bladed scissors are also handy for shearing leaves sticking out from buds.

Some people find it easier to trim if they wear magnifying eyeglasses, which are available from mail-order general-merchandise companies and in some variety stores. These double the size of the image, giving you a better look at your work. Always work with bright lights illuminating the work area from several angles so that the whole bud is brightly lit. A couple of desk lamps or floor lamps as well as an overhead light will accomplish this. Never have these lights shining directly at you.

Cut unwanted leaves as close to the stem as possible. Remember that thoroughly dried plants are brittle and will lose small parts if they are rubbed or pushed. It is often easier to remove the large leaves of dried plants by hand. They will break off the plant when they are pulled away from the top.

After the buds are manicured and cured they can be dried. This is done by increasing air circulation to lower humidity or by raising the temperature. However, the temperature should not be raised above 85°.

Many growers roll a layer of buds in several sheets of newspaper. This helps the grass dry more evenly, slows drying in hot areas and hastens drying in humid areas. Buds can also be dried on screens or tarps.

Once the buds are manicured and dried they should be packaged to make sure that they are not damaged when they are stored. Ziplock plastic bags can be used to make an airtight seal, and these bags can be placed in a cool, dark place until they are to be used.

The most potent part of the plant is the center bud. The buds on the peripheral branches at the top approach the top's levels. Lower branches are not as strong as the top. Usually the largest buds are at the top of the plant, so that large buds are held highest in value.

After trimming you will also have quite a bit of shake, which can be placed into two general categories: The large fan leaves and yellowed or browned leaf is the lower quality material, which can be used for cooking or in making alcoholic preparations; the smaller trim leaves, broken glands and flower bits that comprise the other part of the trim may be quite potent.

The stems have some THC on glands all along the surface, and have sometimes been mentioned in recipes for wines and liquors. The stems can also be stripped of their fiber after retting, or soaking the stem in water, for a few days. This fiber, the longest in the plant kingdom, can be braided into cord or rope or used loose for craft projects. The stems can be used as plant stakes, for crafts or for kindling. □



While the buds grow heavy with resin, the plants are particularly susceptible to damage from wind and rain. Top-heavy plants often fall over, or stems split and branches break. To prevent this, tie branches to the main stem with cord protected with cloth. Even the worst of breaks can usually be repaired well enough to complete maturation. Raise top-planted plants and hold them upright with rope or cord tied to stakes. Repair split stems with splints secured with black or heavy-duty tape. Branches broken severely need not be raised but can be left resting on the ground and held in place with stakes and ties as long as the branch has some attachment at the stem. Fill the break with pruning compound to protect the wound. Branches broken completely through may still mature if placed in a jar or bucket of water.

Use black tape and splints to repair split branches.

And God said,
Let the earth
bring forth
grass,
the herb
yielding seed,
and
the fruit tree
yielding fruit
after his
kind,
whose seed
is in itself,
upon the earth:
and
it was so.

Genesis 1:11

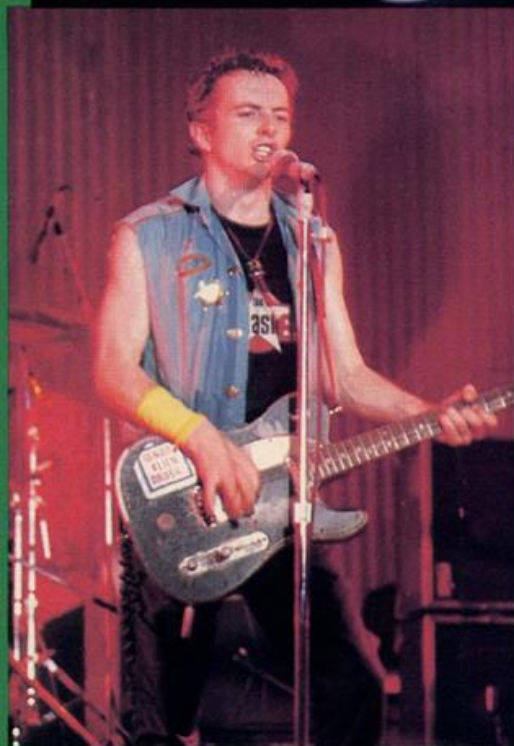






The Rise of the

by Mick Farren



"There are plenty of love songs in the world already."

This is Joe Strummer's laconic and deliberately oblique explanation of why he and the rest of the Clash prefer to write and play songs about ghettos, guerrillas, and Third World liberation fronts rather than follow the well-trodden trail of exhortations to boogie or party, of rampant self-pity, of abuse of ex-lovers that is the normal route for rock 'n' roll lyrics.

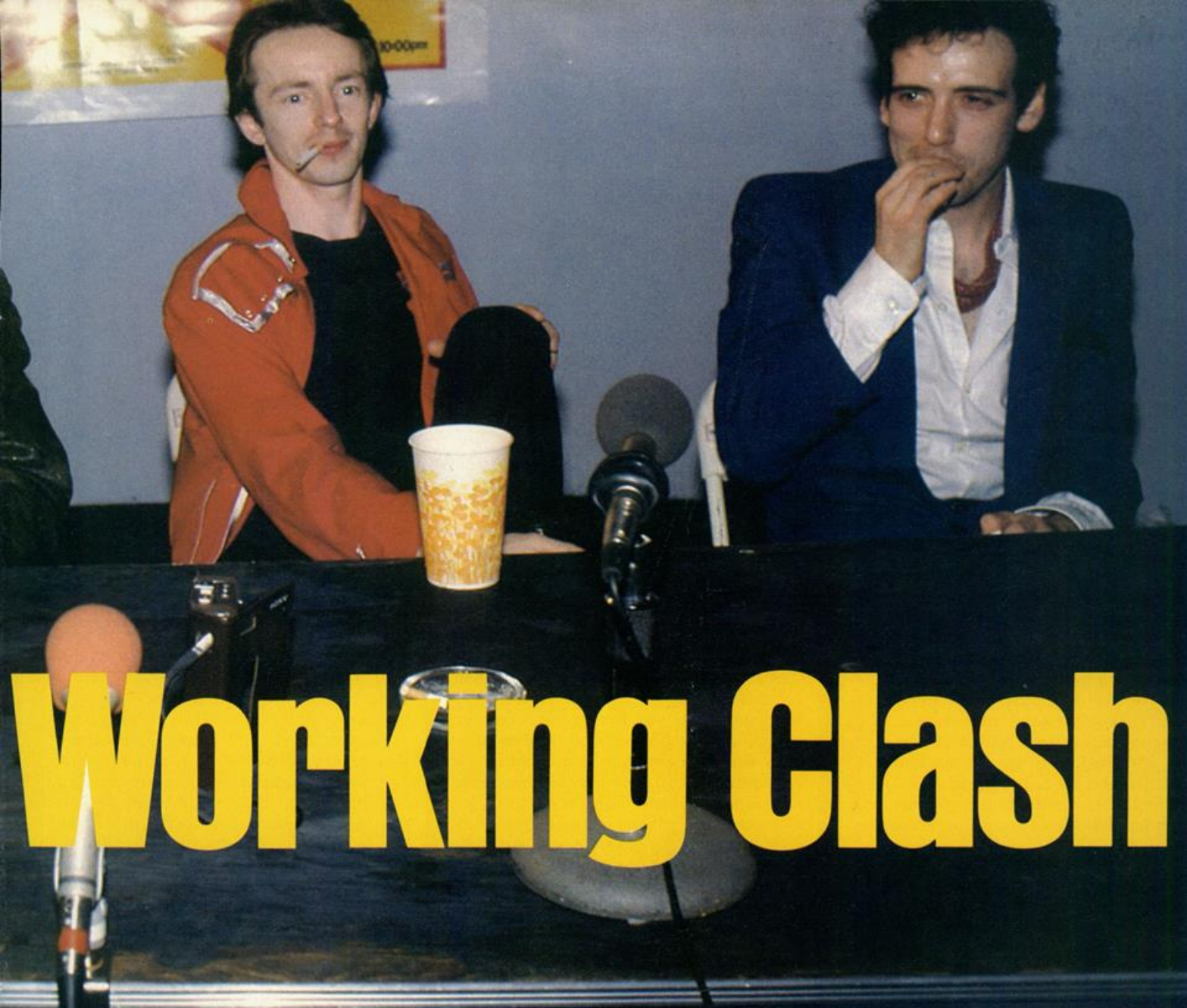
"A good show is one that not only gets people dancing but also gets them to think while they're dancing."

In a world where thinking while you're dancing is less than fashionable, this statement ought to be enough to pin the band as rock renegades. The Clash, however, go a great deal further than that. Over the five years of their career they have gone up against most of the trends and broken nearly all of the rules of mainstream, establishment rock. They have taken a consistent political stance while the majority of musicians have seemed more interested in taking their checks to the bank. They have continuously feuded with their record label and refused to play the cocaine-and-kiss-my-ass music-industry games. They put out a triple album when everyone except the band thought a single would have sufficed. They even followed that with a demand that Epic Records should put it on sale at a special discount price.

"We are trying to provide entertainment that is not too controlled."

Although the Clash have taken the most anticommercial, outrageous risks during

Rock 'n' roll 'n' revolution (top, left to right): Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon, Topper Headon, Mick Jones. Above: Strummer: a fellow traveler and his guitar.



Photos by Lynn Goldsmith

Working Clash

their career, they are also determined survivors. They are one of the few bands from the London 1976-77 punk explosion still in operation today. Together with the Sex Pistols and the Damned, they were the spearhead of the raw power breakout at a fallen-on-hard-times transvestite club called Roxy that, for the four months before the police closed it down, provided London punks with their very first public stage, a stage that was utilized by everyone from Chrissie Hynde to Johnny Thunders.

For both the Clash and the Sex Pistols, back in those early days, the most important idea was to break out, to get beyond the confines of a small, underground punk circuit where there was only the converted to play to. In a larger sense, it was all important to break out of what they saw as the mind-numbing depression that was England in the late '70s. The breakout idea wasn't simply a brainstorm of the two bands. The Clash's original manager, Bernard Rhodes, and the Pistols' Malcolm Mc-

Laren both saw themselves as punk-rock Svengalis, master puppeteers manipulating a violent new wave in rock 'n' roll that would knock the entertainment business, if not society itself, flat on its ass.

Where the Pistols were violent and anarchic, looking for the destruction of everything including rock 'n' roll itself, the Clash were more conventionally political, assuming a position that was almost a direct descendant of the kickass yippieism of the late '60s. In England, kids were all too ready for a band with this viewpoint. A damaged economy could no longer guarantee the kid emerging from the education process any kind of worthwhile job. Hardest hit were the working-class teens who had grown up in the urban wasteland of bleak, *Clockwork Orange*-type projects that were the soulless final solution by the government to the big-city housing shortages that have plagued the country since World War II. The predominant youth emotions were ones of boredom, hopelessness and the kind of frus-

tration that can only be vented by bursts of mindless violence, petty crime and vandalism. Saturation policing and the revival of the 18th-century suspected persons laws, the notorious "Sus" as a catchall excuse for rousting kids on the street, added fuel to an already flammable situation. The explosion finally came in July of this year when both black and white teenagers took to the streets in ten straight days of burning, looting and confrontation with the police in cities like Liverpool, London, Manchester and Leeds. Ironically, the rock 'n' roll bands had a much clearer vision of the coming trouble than anyone in Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government. As Maggie went on British TV to bleat about anarchy, it sounded a grim echo of the Sex Pistols' first hit, "Anarchy in the U.K." The Specials predicted the violence in songs like "Concrete Jungle" and "Do Nothing," as did Linton Kwesi Johnson in "Sonny's Letter" and, of course, the Clash in "Career Opportunities" and "Guns of Brixton." It was even three right-

leaning bands, the 4-Skins, Business and the Last Resort, who sparked the July violence in Southall, one of London's biggest Asian communities.

More factions than just rock 'n' roll bands are proffering political solutions, however. Street politics in the U.K. are as polarized as anything since the Weimar Republic of Germany in the '20s. Both the extreme left and the extreme right seriously propagandize among this new generation of disaffected teenagers. Gangs of rowdy, shaved-headed soccer fans—"Skinheads"—lured by racism and bully-boy rhetoric, have flocked to the country's two major fascist organizations, the National Front and the British Movement. Others have gone in the opposite direction, attracted to the various shades of red on the fringe left. The Rock Against Racism movement has attempted to separate the rock 'n' roll community from the growing numbers of neo-Nazis. In the early days of politpunk there was even a good deal of confusion as to who was on what side. It became painfully necessary for the Clash to repeatedly explain that their hit "White Riot" was an antiauthoritarian tune and not a white-supremist anthem. Where many of the founding punk musicians tended to drop their radical politics as they came into range of the seductive power of fame and fortune in the music industry, Strummer and the rest of the Clash have, if anything, hardened their attitudes. As Strummer told *New Musical Express* earlier in the year,

As I get older [Strummer is now 28] my politics are clarifying themselves, becoming more pointed. They are definitely left of centre, yet I believe in self-determination. I don't believe in Soviet Russia at all because there's hardly any choice. You've still got a ruling class riding around in big cars. Our bass player [Paul Simonon] went to Moscow to see for himself and he said that people walk around with their heads down. Tourists and party members have special shops, but your normal Joe Russian isn't even allowed in the bloody shop, never mind that he's got no dough to spend in them.

I believe in socialism because it seems more humanitarian, rather than every man for himself and I'm alright Jack and all those asshole businessmen with all the loot. But you can't bring socialism in with orders. I mean, look at the fucking Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. They just massacred and butchered the whole bloody country to make them do what they were told.



Arriving from England at Kennedy International via a London work-release program, the boys get sullen for photographers.

The Clash's continuing political conviction is due, at least in part, to the fact that they have remained about as close to their roots as is possible for a successful rock 'n' roll band. They still live in the run-down neighborhoods of West London where they grew up. Paul Simonon is a squatter. Joe Strummer recently applied for a mortgage on an apartment and was turned down. It's all a long way from the penthouse-and-limousine lives of the old-style rock stars like Mick Jagger and Elton John. Strummer is aware that the whole adventure could easily be a very transitory experience: "A lot of groups have forgotten what it's like to be nothing, to be at the bottom of the heap. We still feel that we might return, be nothing again. It's up to your mind not to let your ego get out of control. We got out and what we try and do is to show other people that it's possible for them to get out too."

Guitarist Mick Jones won't even cop to the concept that he might be rapidly becoming a rock star: "No, I won't admit I'm a rock star. What we're doing is fun but I don't agree with this rock-star business. We're very proud and we've got our heads up high, but we don't call ourselves rock stars. We never do. We don't think that way. Being rock stars onstage is not what we're doing. We're trying to actually get the music out and also leave space for the ideas."

On the surface, this is kind of hard to accept from a guy who is dressed in a sharp black suit that makes him look like a cross between Bat Masterson and the young Elvis Presley. His hair is greased back like one of Gene Vincent's Bluecaps. At this interview, the two of us are lolling around in the backstage dressing room of Bond's International Casino. It's the fourth or fifth day into the Clash's sellout but somewhat trouble-fraught two-week season at the New York night spot in the middle of last summer. The nightly

party that the Clash seem to be hosting is just getting under way; the opening act, a British band called Funkapolitan, is on the stage. In the dressing room the sound reverberating through the wall competes with the blaring of a TV set and the increasingly shrill buzz of conversation. Hash and tobacco in fat, Jamaican-style spliffs are circulating, and there is a quart of Remy Martin close at hand. All in all, it's pretty much like any other scene of rock 'n' roll decadence.

There is, however, a difference. The Clash cling hard to their principles. To use the dreadful cliché one last time, they seem intent on doing it their way and damn the consequences. One of the symptoms is the bitter fighting with CBS/Epic. In the beginning, the Clash signed with the company for \$200,000, at the time the biggest advance ever paid to a punk band. Initially the band assumed that it was a five-album deal, but subsequent examination of the small print revealed that, with options, they were on the hook for ten albums. A sadder but wiser Mick Jones views these early gaucheries with distress. "I really wish we weren't signed to them," he said, "though you have to balance the two things out, I suppose. Originally we wouldn't have been so well heard of without them and at the time we would have signed anything. Take the money and run."

From the Clash's point of view, record-company interference in their creative process started almost immediately. An early example was to hire Sandy Pearlman to spend \$30,000 on producing their second album, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*. (The first album, *The Clash*, cost \$8,000.) Manager Bernie Rhodes was fired by the band around that time but is now reinstated. He takes up the story:

"CBS/Epic wanted Pearlman to do it because they said that they thought he'd get

them an American hit album, but I'm certain they wanted him to manage as well. That's the way Pearlman works. He produces and manages Blue Oyster Cult."

Later problems came from the company's refusal to release the single "Bank Robber," the demands that the cover of *Sandinista!* be changed and, although the album has sold a quarter of a million copies in the United States, the fact that royalties amount to next to nothing because of the band's insistence on a pegged-down retail price.

There's little doubt that the Clash are slated to be the new bad boys of rock 'n' roll. They are in the great rock 'n' roll tradition of making music for the kind of kids your mother never wants you to hang out with. It's the tradition that started with Elvis Presley, was carried on by Jerry Lee Lewis and Dion, and was passed down through Dylan and the Stones until it reached confrontation pitch with the Doors and the MC5. Alice Cooper and the New York Dolls turned it into a comic cartoon. Lou Reed used it as a true confession and then finally handed it on to the punks. The demise of the Sex Pistols, however, left the great rock 'n' roll movie pretty much without any villains, and, as everybody knows, a movie without villains is plain damn boring. America seems to be looking around for a credibly badass, uncompromising hard-rock band with whom to conduct a love-hate relationship. The Clash are

among the prime contenders.

The day that tickets went on sale for the New York dates at Bond's Casino, lines were already forming in the wee hours of the morning. Subsequent overselling embroiled the band in a fire department closure of the nightclub, emergency meetings with the mayor's office and the rescheduling of a grueling 16-night series of shows in order to accommodate ticket sales that grossly exceeded the club's legal capacity.

The Clash are, however, veterans of trouble. From the start they have been banned by city councils and hassled and busted by local police departments on petty charges. In Hamburg, in 1980, Strummer was hauled away to the can for defending himself against a mob storming the stage. "It was like nothing you've ever seen," said Strummer. "They were all down the front and if they could grab hold of a microphone lead, they'd pull, and it was a tug-of-war. And then it started getting really violent—and that was my fault in a way. How much can a man take, y'know? I was playing and I saw this guy sort of using the guy in front of him as a punch bag, trying to be all tough. So I rapped him on the head with a Telecaster. I just lost my temper, and there was this blood gushing down in front of his face. It wasn't much of a cut, but it looked real horror show. After that, after I'd been taken down the cop station and charged with as-

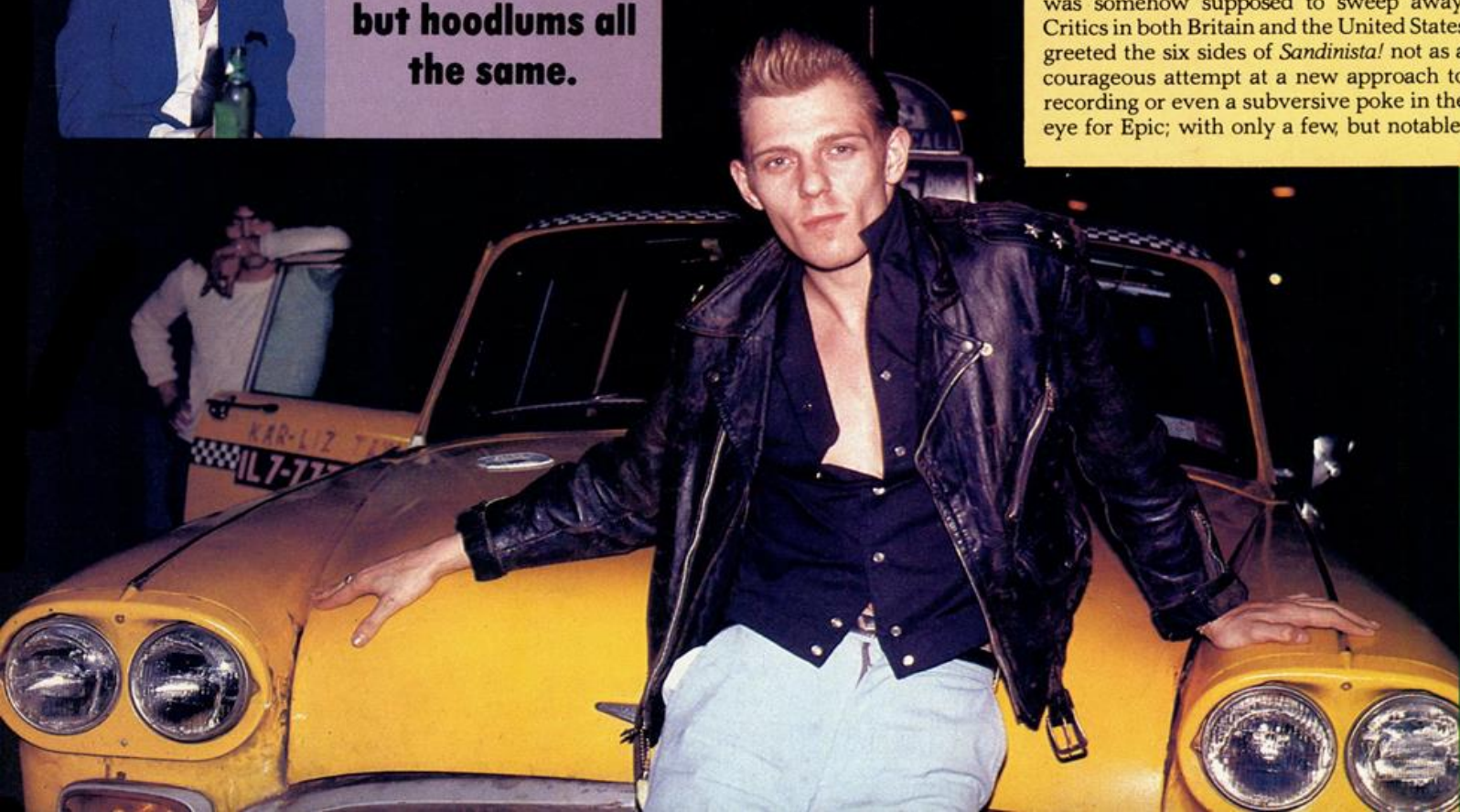
saulting a German citizen by striking him over the head with my guitar, I began to think that I'd overstepped my mark. And that's what I mean by it was a watershed—violence had really controlled me for once. I became really frightened that violence had taken me over. So since then I've decided that the only way you can fight aggro in the audience is to play a really boring song."

In this instance the cause of the violence was hardcore German punks who had decided that the Clash's musical progression—their fusions with reggae, their incorporation of old-time rockabilly, and just the simple fact that their picking had matured and progressed beyond the original formula of slogans, aggression and noise—was enough to constitute a sellout. This has been a common response among the most blinkered punks. Ever since the band signed their major record deal with CBS/Epic, some character in bondage pants and a nose pin has been screaming about how the Clash have betrayed the true spirit of punk. The very breakout that the Clash always intended was bound to alienate those fans who wanted to keep the band as their own private property, unchanging and unrecognized in the larger world. The major irony is that even the punks have discovered in themselves a streak of conservatism as hide-bound as any greaser that insists that rock 'n' roll died with Buddy Holly, or any Deadheads who can't come to grips with the fact that the '60s are over.

It's not only the leftover punks who have opened hostilities to the band. A section of the press has also started gunning for the Clash. Ira Kaplan, writing in the *SoHo News*, accused both the Clash and PiL of turning into the same kind of elitist rock stars, new versions of the Rod Stewarts, Keith Richards and Mick Jagers, that the new wave was somehow supposed to sweep away. Critics in both Britain and the United States greeted the six sides of *Sandinista!* not as a courageous attempt at a new approach to recording or even a subversive poke in the eye for Epic; with only a few, but notable,



They're a hoodlum rock band. Maybe commie hoodlums, but hoodlums all the same.





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exceptions, it was condemned as a monstrous piece of ego gratification; the Clash's politics were derided as "tin soldier rebellion" and "simplistic sloganeering." It's not a subject that goes down well with Strummer, particularly the slurs on his political beliefs:

"I mean, what do these writers expect of us? Do I have to get a bloody machine gun and go off to fight in El Salvador before they believe that we mean it? What are they doing to further the cause?"

Strummer is clearly deeply affected by adverse criticism. Backstage, sweating and drinking beer after the show, he tells me how he avoids reading anything adverse before he has to go onstage because it tends to throw him. Mick Jones attempts, on the surface, to take it in his stride. "There are always people who are going to get jealous," he said.

Onstage, much of the confusion and controversy that surrounds the Clash is stripped away. They are in a world where they know they're in control and they can directly see how they are succeeding keeping the crowd on the move. In New York, they come onto the stage to a tape of a Hugo Montenegro spaghetti-Western theme. It's exactly the right touch of melodramatic trash. Their stage clothes are what a communist biker club would wear if they had biker clubs behind the Iron Curtain. None of them are brilliant musicians, but over the five years they have been on the road they have been honed to the point where each one knows what he does best and does it. They work within their limitations so well that the cumulative effect is that of a powerful and important band. Mick Jones has the sound of a more than capable guitar player, Paul Simonon provides a solid and steady bass while Topper Headon has to be one of the most dependable rock drummers since Charlie Watts. Joe Strummer will never be a great singer, but as front man he manages to keep the various parts of the total in tight focus.

The real strength of the Clash is that they are totally accessible. Despite their involvement in reggae, and lately in rap, they don't present the audience with anything too unusual or too experimental. They are neither Talking Heads nor PiL. In a lot of ways they are an old-fashioned hoodlum rock 'n' roll band. Maybe commie hoodlums, but hoodlums all the same. They play a kind of hard rock that gives them a possible access to all levels of the rock audience, the same kind of access that was once enjoyed by the Who or the Rolling Stones but never totally offered to any of the new-wave performers with the possible exception of Blondie, the Pretenders and just possibly the Ramones. The only really controversial thing about them is their lyrics. The song "Guns of Brixton" may be about confrontation in a South London West Indian ghetto and "Charlie Don't Surf" may be an elaboration of the now legendary line from *Apocalypse Now*, but both are also fairly straight-ahead rock tunes—sufficiently straight ahead, at least, to quite possibly carry the band clear

continued on page 99

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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL



The Costs of Freebase

Excerpted from *Pipe Dreams*, by Don Raye. © 1980 by the Family Publishing Co., Cotati, Cal.

pleasures

Smoking freebase has a tremendously stimulating physical effect. The rush lasts only a short time, but it can be extremely exhilarating. You get a sensation of floating off on a wonderful cloud of euphoria, a feeling that rivals a hang-glider ride or a cruise in a sailplane. After the rush, in all too few moments, things change. The remaining high is much slower, more laid back. You don't go out a lot when you smoke base because nobody wants to drive; it's such a spacy drug than any concentration at all is a bring-down.

Freebase is almost magical in some ways and appeals to people who like a mystical approach to drugs, allowing one, after learning a few tricks, to be a performer-producer of this wonderful fantasy substance which truly captivates people. It's very seductive.

It can be an excellent sex drug, although too much can make it difficult to perform. The same is true of cocaine hydrochloride, since both have anesthetic properties and therefore can desensitize you.

Base has tremendous stage appeal; it's extremely popular in flashy environments where people like to show off or upstage one another, like Marin County, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Manhattan and other glamour capitals of the world.

hazards

Freebase can be wonderful if prepared correctly and taken in moderation. It can be very stimulating but it can also destroy you. One toké stimulates the central nervous system for 45 to 90 minutes. Marathon smoking sessions may cause the user to stay up all night, night after night. Fatigue can have an adverse effect on your health and business.

If you're going to indulge in drugs as potent as freebase, you must be safety-conscious and realize the potency of the stuff you are dealing with. To maintain a balance you should be in good physical condition, rest well and have an arduous physical-exercise program like running or yoga.

People often stop snorting cocaine hydrochloride because of the corrosive effect on their nose after hours of prolonged use. With base, abuse may be less noticeable and more comfortably continued.

COCAINE OVERDOSE

The average quantity of cocaine necessary to produce death by overdose is 1.2 grams ingested within 30 minutes. This is an average amount and may vary considerably depending upon such factors as body weight, metabolic rate or condition of health.

A person should stop taking the drug and remove it from people showing the following symptoms:

- Not in control, nor aware of their condition. They tremble a lot but say, "Oh, it's nothing"; they tell you everything's fine, but they can't stop moving.
- Extremely nervous, irritable and belligerent.
- Excessively cold.
- Unnaturally pale.
- Nauseated: feels queasy, throws up or tries to throw up.

Seek medical aid immediately if the person:

- Passes out (loses consciousness).
- Has a seizure or convulsion.
- Is disoriented: Do they know who you are? Do they know who they are? Do they know where they are?
- Is hallucinating, babbling incoherently, hysterical or jumping up and down uncontrollably.
- Has tachycardia (too rapid heartbeat).

Cocaine stimulates the flow of adrenaline which can increase the heart (pulse) rate to a dangerous level.

- Has too rapid pulse (140 beats per minute or more). The pulse can be taken at the wrist (approaching the person's neck may frighten them). Count the pulse for 15 seconds and multiply by 4. Remember:

- A person showing signs of overdose will continue to come on to the drug for at least another half hour so it is important to remove the drug at the first sign of overdose.
- There is a level of cocaine overdose at which efforts to help the patient survive are futile, so it is important to get the patient to medical help as soon as possible.
- If help is unavailable, get the person to lie down and be quiet in a quiet atmosphere. Elevate the legs and slightly lower the head.
- People fearing involvement for whatever reason, and faced with the alternative of total abandonment of the overdosed person, have used the following option: They took the overdosed person to a hospital emergency room with a note pinned or put in a pocket briefly stating the problem (cocaine overdose) and left immediately, refusing to answer questions.

COCAINE CUTS

One of the biggest problems we are going to run into in making freebase for recreation is the possible presence of psychoactive or anesthetic adulterants. Unless the base is made from pure cocaine, or unless the cocaine is cut with an inert adulterant such as sugar, we may have active ingredients (i.e., anesthetic adulterants or other psychoactive drugs) which are commonly found in street samples of cocaine. The primary potential cause of problems involving overdose and/or allergic reaction from smoking freebase is not the cocaine, but rather the ingestion of other more toxic synthetic substances, psychoactive or anesthetic adulterants (cuts).

EATING HABITS

You may find you're not eating properly. Some basers may not eat anything for three or four days and lose 15 pounds, then suddenly crash for a day and a half and wake up like a bear out of hibernation. They'll go to the nearest refectory and load up on beans and pasta. They overeat for a week, scared by their previous experience that if they don't straighten up and fly right and get a lot of good food down like mommy told them to, they'll waste away like degenerate dogs. This is drug abuse, not use. Try to maintain a steady flow of food, supplying adequate levels of nutrition.

SMOKING COCAINE HYDROCHLORIDE (toot)

I do not recommend smoking unbased cocaine (cocaine hydrochloride), because uncomfortable effects often result, such as nervousness, foul taste (especially if cuts are present), sensations of tightness in the chest and headaches at the base of the skull.

FREEBASE SKIN PHENOMENA

Chronic users of freebase sometimes report bizarre skin phenomena like amber crystals and/or (more commonly) black specks that appear to come right out of the skin. This is not commonplace and the casual or part-time user of freebase may never encounter them. These experiences deserve mention because they do occur and are therefore a possibility for anyone intending to delve into the freebase experience. These phenomena are so peculiar they are talked about very little, even among close smoking acquaintances.

While involved in a rather romanesque episode of blatant overindulgence that had been going on longer than I care to remember, I noted small, amber, translucent crystals about the size and shape of coarsely ground table salt coming right out of my skin. These crystals occurred infrequently

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and they seemed to have no ill effect, so I did not investigate them medically. I never mentioned them to anyone for fear they might think me mad.

It wasn't until almost a year later, while visiting a producer's Hollywood home in Laurel Canyon, that I heard someone else mention the crystals. A rock star, whose acquaintance I had just made, was eager to talk to me about base. While getting stoned on the subject, he confessed to a grossly decadent habit of over three years. In the middle of one of the better rushes that evening he inquired, "What about the crystals?"

Since then I have asked all the basers I encountered and found that, although the incidence was low, there were enough cases to verify crystals as a base-related phenomenon.

More common than crystals are tiny black specks that appear on, in or from the skin in staggering numbers upon marathon base intake. They protrude from the skin like splinters. They seem more prominent

the more anxiety they cause, and they seem to retract in maddening defiance when you try to pick them out. The feeling that they are alive is shared by many who have had the experience.

They cause much anguish. Since one gets the feeling of being invaded by some alien form, it's difficult not to get caught up in picking at them, a problem which has made many a baser look like the loser of an ice-pick fight.

Doctors tend to pass them off as a probable hallucination. I have dug a few out of my own skin. Unfortunately, I was too paranoid and embarrassed to show them to a doctor; I did not want to reveal my habit to anyone who did not share it. Although I have heard about them and experienced them, I regret that I cannot define their physiology more precisely. These phenomena are one more unknown in an area in which research and factual information are almost nonexistent.

closing thoughts

Even people of iron will, who have never experienced problems in regulating intake with any other drug, are finding their ultimate test of will in freebase.

When you are dealing with as seductive, euphoric and dramatic a crystalline substance as freebase cocaine, you must make every effort to insure that what begins as a search for new experience and knowledge doesn't become an uncontrollable habit capable of consuming first your money and shortly thereafter your self.

An otherwise rational person may easily spend in excess of \$60,000 in one year pursuing the "goddess of freebase" who is often touched but never held. Sixty grand or more on a pipe dream for themselves, their lovers, friends and others within the reach of their torch. It's an Alice in Wonderland experience, but when Alice steps back through the looking glass, the frame has been repossessed! It's gone back to the store along with the car, the stereo and the antiques. All grim realities pointing to the grand illusion of the baser's lifestyle. I, as well as many others, smoked the car and whatever else seemed worth liquidating to appease the insatiable goddess within.

Freebase is among the ultimate illusions, making you feel like Superman, God or Captain Zoom Zoom for about two to four minutes. There is the immediate intense desire, upon the rush's wane, to run back inside the gates of the synthetic heaven where the sun shines and energy, for a moment, seems boundless. A place where you may leap tall buildings in a single inhalation for about 100 bucks a leap.

It's not uncommon to hear stories of how someone smashed all their pipes and test tubes or flushed all their chemicals down the john in an effort to stop, or at least retard for a while, their outrageous consumption.

Many times I've heard, and more than once said, "Just one more gram and I'll find what I'm searching for." "I'll be fine, I need just one more hit to prove to myself I don't really want anymore." "I'm gonna take the last hit of this gram and flush it down the toilet instead of smoking it, to show my power of will." The truth is, there is rarely any such thing as *not* smoking the last hit! Usually, the only way one stops smoking base is to *run out*. I've never shown up after a party and been told, "Oh, there's some leftover base on the table if you want some." Base is consumed with a capital C until it's gone, the money's gone or the consciousness is gone—usually all three at once in a paisley crash toward the nearest soft spot. Then a couple of Valiums, a couple of days' sleep, your next loan, its source, how much to borrow and from whom, to get that next quarter ounce. When you get into base you don't buy it by the gram anymore, you buy it by the largest amount you can swing.

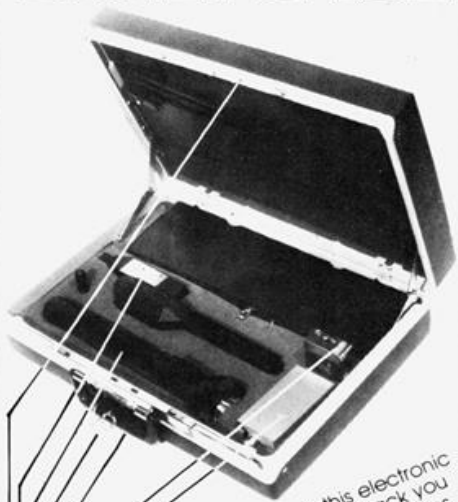
Coming down from freebase is very rough, psychologically speaking. If one can make it through the intense continuance syndrome, which persists for about one hour after intake is halted, then it's easier. Within that time, unless some other drug is in effect, such as a sleeping or tranquilizing compound (Quaalude, Valium, etc.), the consumer will do almost anything to get another toke.

The combined effect of losing the grace of the pipe goddess and being banished from pseudo-heaven, plus the shocking realization of the amount of money literally burned, is often more than the sober mind cares to grok.

What are we really reaching out for when we smoke the base pipe and for a few fleeting moments live in the strange ecstasy of our "pipe dream?" □

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ESCAPE FROM GUADALAJARA

continued from page 44

important was that life, he was afraid to jeopardize it by telling his straitlaced wife that when he went on those long selling trips he was actually smuggling suitcases full of hashish in from Amsterdam or flying cargoes of weed up from Mexico. Eventually, though, he began to feel that too much of his life was a lie. He dumped the wife and little house, but kept the son (out of love) and job (out of need for a cover).

A few good years followed. He was too independent for big-league, organized smuggling, but still he made \$30,000 to \$100,000 a year with a few months' work. Life was good but never great. Always there was the painful solitude of being certain things to certain people, but never a complete human being to anyone.

Then came Lisa. Suddenly he could share all of his life with someone, and he wanted to share every moment of it. In the two years since they had met, they had never been apart for more than a few hours. Now they faced minimum sentences of seven years.

As he lay on the cold concrete he tried to imagine seven years in prison, but his mind balked. He reminded himself there wouldn't be that much hard time, that because of the prisoner exchange program between Mexico and Canada they would do no more than two years—up to a year before sentencing, and then up to another year waiting for transfer. But even that was an almost inconceivably long stretch.

His smuggling career would be ruined. If convicted and returned to Canada, once there he would be put on strict parole for the remainder of his sentence. That meant a straight job, restricted travel and the constant, vigilant attention of a parole officer.

He had no intention of giving up smuggling. It was, after all, his profession. And he was good at it. He was personable, charming and smoothly adaptable; fluent in three languages and competent in two others. He could fly single- and twin-engine planes, navigate boats, build undetectable compartments in everything from Samsonite luggage to fiberglass catamarans. In short, he was a serious and accomplished master of his calling.

No, thought André, I won't go back to Canada on a leash and quit smuggling. There must be another way.

THE NEXT DAY ANDRÉ AND Ted negotiated their way into a cleaner, less sinister cellblock and paid for a five-by-eight cell with one other resident: Jorge, a Nicaraguan art student.

Jorge was a victim of a peculiarity of the law. In Mexico, it's a far more serious offense to give away marijuana than to sell it, the rationale being that by giving it away

you are likely trying to entice someone into addiction, rather than merely providing the drug to one who is already a *drogadicto*. Jorge had given a small amount of pot to a friend and was now facing a 15-year sentence.

He had already done a year and was helpful in showing them around. He pointed out some men they could trust, and a few they couldn't. He showed them where to buy food and bedding, and where they could find high-stakes blackjack games played with dominoes. He introduced them to the cell-block dealer, who sold pot at five dollars a joint, and wisely cautioned them against complaining about the price.

Weed was expensive, not because it was hard to smuggle into prison, explained Jorge, but because of the extremes to which dealers would go to protect their marketing territories. Men were killed in the prison, he said, and most of them were victims of drug wars.

Jorge gave them a tour of the shops and restaurants inside the prison, all of which were owned by prisoners. One of the most impressive enterprises was the furniture factory, which had been founded by an American released three years ago but still remembered respectfully by the cons. Though convicted of smuggling, the American had reportedly amassed a fortune while doing time by shipping large quantities of pot from the prison to the United States, secreted inside the furniture he made.

The best restaurant, Los Inocentes, was owned by the most privileged inmate, one don Imanuel. Though Imanuel's earnings from high-level heroin and cocaine dealing had not kept him out of prison, they did substantially reduce his discomforts there. Imanuel lived in a special section reserved for those who could afford 1,000 pesos for a private cell. Don Imanuel had rented three adjoining cells, giving him sufficient room for his color television, his stereo, his air conditioner, his wardrobes of fine clothes and his refrigerator full of cold beer. He even had a telephone in his suite, with which he was rumored to carry on his business.

Far from the privileged quarters was the section for the poorest inmates, a dirty, cramped cell block with one shithole for every 75 men and barely a stick of furniture. This was the province of the glue sniffers and the criminally insane, a place where men got their throats slit over two-peso bets or thimblefuls of rotgut liquor. It was a place which, once they had seen it, André and Ted avoided.

André's experiences in Dutch and Canadian jails had done little to prepare him for their Mexican counterpart. Here, for the typical inmate, hygiene and creature comforts were as unavailable as the liberal concept of rehabilitation. Nobody in authority seemed to give a damn why someone had committed a crime—usually the answer was simple: money, much needed *dinero*—and it seemed assumed that a convict would return to crime after his release. Prisoners were looked upon with neither condemna-

tion nor compassion. Inmates and prison officials seemed merely to be acting out roles predetermined by the natural order.

Sometimes the violence and filth appalled André, but, as the weeks passed, he came to view the prison as much more humane than others he'd known. Here there were greater risks for the body, perhaps, but the spirit was left unmolested by petty and suffocating regimentation.

All that was required of prisoners was that they be in their cells for the daily roll call. Beyond that, they were on their own. They could work, study, stroll the grounds, or just sit ten hours staring at the wall. The prevailing attitude of those who ran the prison was don't bother us and we won't bother you.

Only two things distinguished the prison from the average Mexican village: a locked iron gate at one end and the absence of women four days a week. The other three days were visiting days. On weekends entire families could move in with inmates from Saturday morning though Monday morning. Then on Wednesdays wives or girl friends could drop by for an eight-hour conjugal visit.

Visiting days, when Lisa was let out of the women's prison to come see him, were what kept André sane. There were no visitors for Ted, and maybe because of that, or because of the severe dysentery he had suffered for more than a month now, or because there was still no word from Cheryl, his sanity was beginning to slip away.

He had begun spending long periods, sometimes hours, mumbling to himself while staring into a mirror. He prowled the prison in search of a way to escape, a sock half full of pesos—a makeshift blackjack—always hanging from his right hand because of his paranoid fear of being attacked.

Ted wasn't the only inmate looking for a way out. Along with gambling and dope smoking, planning escape was a favorite pastime. Unless a guard was injured, there was no time added to sentences because of escape attempts (apparently it was considered reasonable to want freedom), so there were many tries. But it was said that only once had a breakout from the fortresslike structure been successful.

Most attempts involved tunnels, and they usually failed not because of any structural or technical problems but because of some last-minute indulgence in generosity or greed.

Tunnels to the outside had twice been completed since André's arrival, but both times the moles had blown it by giving away or selling passage to as many as 50 inmates. For days before the planned escape, the prison would buzz so loudly with frantic money raising and farewells that even the drowsy guards would be alerted that something was up.

At first, André and Ted were the only gringos among the nearly 2,000 male inmates. Then, during their second month at the prison, a long-haired, 38-year-old Zen-

continued on page 74

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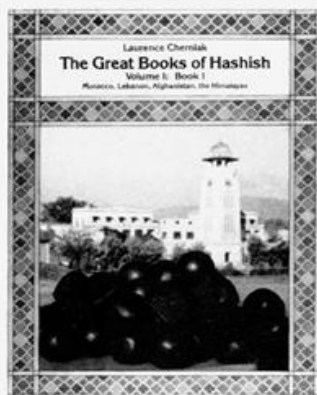
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Grand Illusion

HIGH TIMES

When publisher Andy Kowl asked me to "do something" about the offices, he sounded urgent. Seems the trouble started when the magazine moved to spiffy new quarters uptown. Staffers took one look at the neat cubicles and whitewashed walls and decided the new digs didn't appeal to their frenetic tastes. Sordid Affairs Editor Dean Latimer, who wouldn't set foot in the place, reportedly mumbled something about renting a cozy garbage can downtown. "You're an editor here, Eleanore," Andy wound up. "Do something about it."

I started with the reception area. I wanted to create a walk-in fantasy so that when you step out of the elevator it's—surprise!—a challenge to the eye. I commissioned Jean-Pierre Heim, a young architect who works in Europe and from his loft in New York's SoHo, to heighten our reality. His *trompe l'oeil* (literally, "to fool the eye") mural transforms flat surfaces into three-dimensional space through perspective and illusion. The painting is on a human scale, so when the viewer stands close by, he feels as if he can almost enter the scene.

Some of the chronically dazed on our creative staff have indeed walked right into the fantasy. Others still complain that it won't feel like home until they splash some graffiti on the walls.

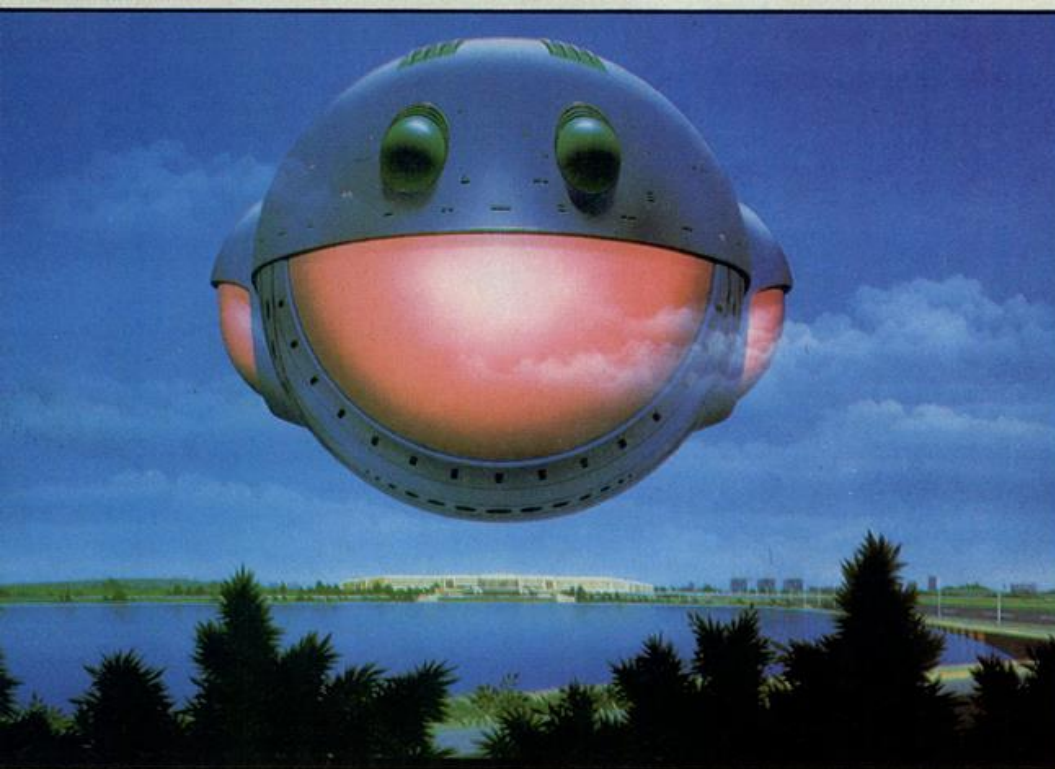
You can't please everybody.

Next month: Dean's garbage can.

by Eleanore Kennedy



Reanne Giovanni



The Aesthetics of Heavy Metal

by Richard Meltzer

HEAVY METAL

the mag. You know it. The Triumph of Art meets *Triumph of the Will* as EC/DC/Marvel paint their *heavy message* in the sky. Bondage comes to Utopia. Warlords of Ooba-Dooba versus the Screaming Skulls of Urea II. The visual analog-in-a-nutshell, perhaps, of what Michael Moorcock calls "authoritarian science fiction." In any event, page upon page of blaring, glaring color giving two-dimensional life to sinewy, undulating figures in topically oppressive cosmic pose.

Okay, imagine these graphics given *real* 2-D life, courtesy of all the exquisitely credible motion animation technology can currently muster. The sort of biggie that "full animation" freaks (weaned on Goofy and Bugs and hooked on the genre by revival-house showings of *Fantasia*) have so long waited for someone to get serious and finally do.

The actual doing, begun in earnest in February 1980 by *Heavy Metal* in collaboration with its sister pub *National Lampoon*, ultimately brought together animators from 18 countries and included people who'd had a hand in such official animation milestones as *Animal Farm*, *Yellow Submarine*, *Water-ship Down*, the soon to be released *Play Dog* and a heap of efforts by Disney and Ralph Bakshi. At one point they had 70 animators laboring in five different cities, making them cumulatively the largest animation studio outside Japan, home of *Speed Racer*, *Gigantor* and all that proto-Saturday morning "limited animation" B.S.

Scads of rock bands, a good many of 'em ge-

neric heavy metal, were asked to contribute original material, and the venerable Elmer Bernstein was even dusted off to provide the remaining score. As a sign of the unstinting seriousness involved, Bernstein was sent back to the old G clef when his original pack of notes were, in the words of production coordinator Joe Medjuk, "too much *Victory at Sea*, not enough *Psycho*." From the outset, the whole setup has just reeked of monumentality, and the finished product, for better or worse, goes something like this:

A starfield in space. Some lines about evil in the skies, death, destruction and so forth. A large green meteor flies past the camera. The title appears in all its intergalactic glory, followed by the space shuttle, whose bomb doors open. But instead of a heavy-metal nuke or whatever, out comes a '59 Corvette that proceeds to drive down the nearest available highway, accompanied by an ersatz heavy tune from Irving Azoff's latest nongeneric beat group, Riggs. The 'Vette arrives at a mansion, a space person emerges and is greeted by a little girl who asks him what he's brought. He opens a container, the room glows green, he dies. A green ball rolls toward the girl, she's mesmerized. As the ball grows larger, various scenes from its past and future history—earthbound, extraterrestrial and otherwise—unfold before her eyes.

In need of a buzz after so grueling a flight, the greenos cover the floor with "nyborg"—in its potent white-powdered form—and do some lines as high and wide as slush in the gutter after three days of blizzard. From the

looks on their alien mugs, it's obvious they've done some mighty *good* nyborg, and they misnavigate their ship accordingly, followed by compulsory psychedelia in the style of 2001.

Dope then makes way for more implied sex as our captive lies on a standard-issue bed, Z-cup breasted and fully "thatched," spent to the whoozis and beyond, beside a blue robot small enough to be her Cuisinart. Voice of Mr. Metal is that of beloved John Candy, who wonders aloud why she will not marry him. "I'm worried I'll come home and you'll be screwing the toaster," she replies, though later she relents and requests a Jewish wedding—at the very least a "robot rabbi" (haw haw haw).

Yes, there's lots of wholesome, conventional "sex humor" in this pic, but if you're expecting interstellar prong-in-poozle, bear in mind it's only an R. The closest you get to functional "hot stuff" is animated renditions of hosiery mags like *TipTop* and *Hold It!*, but functional it occasionally is indeed, with dressing by the ever-exploited humanoid female reaching erotic intensities that actually put the usual sexist pud-throb number to shame.

There's this one sequence, f'rinstance, that brings calculated choreographed male-unit stimulation to a level previously unattained in either animation or people pics even with outright pornographic intent. In it the platinum blond Taarna, long lost remaining descendant of the long lost Defenders, answers her people's astral call to arms by first posing in all the majestic nakedness she can muster and then slipping on her stockinglike battle boots. Way she slips 'em is truly as hard-core a traditional soft porn "turn-on" as has ever been committed to film, far more controlled in terms of lighting, focus and precision of movement than you'll ever get with real legs and real hose before a tripod-held real camera.

The tension (in sexist point of fact) is nothing short of incredible, and it doesn't let up until she's additionally maneuvered this real tight waist-high thing up the crease of her tush, her "letter perfect" butt halves muscling themselves in the sort of slow, supersensual manner the raincoat beat-off brigade has in all likelihood waited decades to see—perhaps, somewhat ironically, the fullest realization to date of the innate potential advantage animation has so long possessed over 16-frames-per-second mere photography. As art director Michael Gross points out, "It was really something to see bunny-rabbit animators have such a field day with heaving flesh. Everybody seemed to spend the most time and attention on that stuff."

These scenes, disparate and totally self-

contained, are unrelated except for their reference, large or small, to things green. In addition, as is the case with many a history-conscious blockbuster such as this, you've got references—at least one per scene—to familiar images of other eras, both bygone and recent. In this one scene, reporters gather at the Pentagon to ask a bigwig about "radiation from space, people turning green, growing arms on their backs." As he denies everything, in the best tradition of '50s alien-invasion B-movie schlock ("Whatever causes these mutations is *not* from outer space"), the enormous shadow of an as yet unseen *something* entirely covers the building, followed by a shot of this big round whatsis, resembling nothing so much as a reworked have-a-nice-day hideous smiling face, showing its airborne stuff before landing on the roof.

Back inside, the bigwig spots a glowing green *jewel* this time on a newswoman's bosom. He becomes unhinged, leaping upon her, grinding away. A large tube then pokes its way through the ceiling and creates atmospheric havoc before sucking milady out from under the asshole, up into the craft. Genu-wine greenskins are aboard and, undismayed by their unabashed alienhood, she instantly demands, her garments in terminal disarray, "Who's gonna pay for the dry cleaning? What about my gynecologist appointment on Wednesday?"

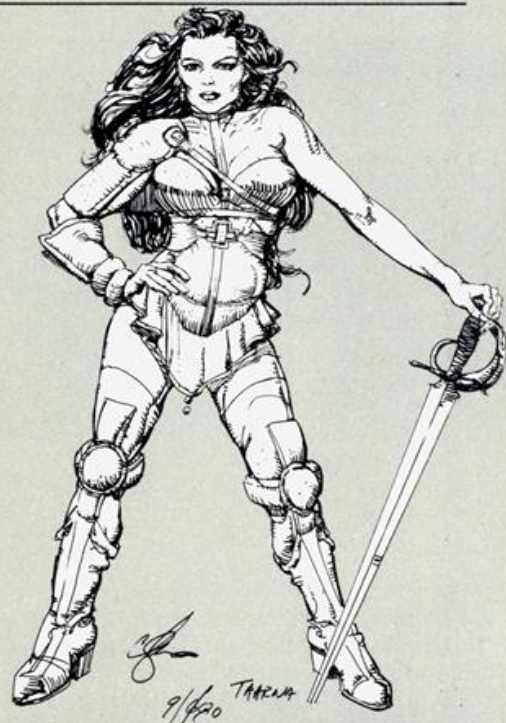
Violence (other than to women): This flick does in fact have some. Not exactly in spades, but—heck—you do get blood. Red blood (a young bald person gets punctured by more arrows than St. Sebastian and bleeds on the ground like a goddamn sieve), green blood (with Devo ambiently plunking away, Taarna uses her trusty to behead some loathsome beer-joint scum). Basically no more than your usual 1980s celluloid quota of gratuitous circulatory extrusion, and since cartoon blood has got to be a good

deal less of a trigger to any sort of visceral teen or adult human response than cartoon sex, all it really computes to is an inadvertent parody on that very quota—too abstract a notion to have one iota of the emotional impact of, say, the bloodletting in *Bambi*.

The use of heavy metal the music, on the other hand, is far from gratuitous, sonically underscoring whatever Elmer's notes do not with far less pomposity (or high-art pretension, anyway) than the selections by Tchaikovsky and Mussorgsky brought to *Fantasia*. Pop images call for pop music, pure and simple. And since heavy metal in particular is really the pop-pyrotechnic equivalent of classical music anyway, the logic of its usefulness to the soundtrack of this film is sure as hell no coincidence of nomenclature. (And since, in actual historical point of fact, heavy metal the music preceded *Heavy Metal* even the mag by a good seven years, it ought to be obvious which tail is wagging which dog.)

More interesting, however, is how the movie has given context to the music over and above the truism of vice versa, the former serving up album covers that give the latter a less claustrophobic home than the living-room stereo, a less pretentious playpen than the concert stage. At the same time, the very fact of cartoonhood frees heavy metal (as well as related genres of rock 'n' roll overkill) from its self-imposed mission of forced interpersonal macho (no persons, no macho!), allowing it to function as pure form for a change.

As bearable, occasionally riveting, moderately sophisticated, nouveau-hip sci-fi entertainment goes, *Heavy Metal* the movie is undeniably right up there with *Star Wars*, which, if truth be told, was really more neo-fascist than *Heavy Metal* the mag at its overbearing worst—and a good deal of which (heh heh heh) was merely animated too. □



UNIDENTIFIED FLYING ——— OSMOND?:

**Huge smiley-faced
whatsit hovers above
the Pentagon.**

"...reaching erotic intensities that put the usual sexist pud-throb number to shame"

The Aesthetics of Heavy Metal

WEAK

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**FLESH AND
AIR. METAL**
rank in a galaxy
such things as
blesome norm

PLEASURES



TAARNA

- Penis envy in a galaxy far,
far from home.

SHADES OF FREELANDIA:

Alien pilots, spaced way the hell out on "nyborg," survey the spaceways before them.

**MS. FLESH AND
MR. METAL:**

Post hanky-pank in a galaxy where such things are the wholesome norm.

PLEASURES

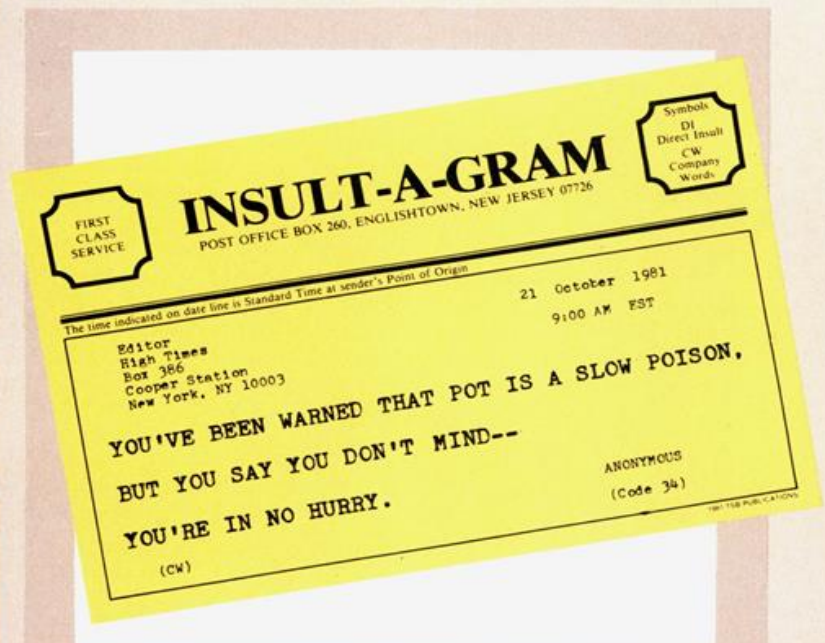


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ESCAPE FROM GUADALAJARA

continued from page 66

hippie from Australia was incarcerated for possession of small quantities of magic mushrooms and marijuana. His name was Highway and from the beginning he seemed completely at peace with prison life.

Highway began each day with two hours of yoga followed by three or four hours of guitar playing. For the remainder of the day he would read, write songs and scavenge for the fruits and vegetables that composed his meatless diet. "Ayn't so bahd, mite," he'd say. "'Ell, Oi've pried good money f'r a plice wurz'n'iss in Kahboool."

André felt awed at Highway's ability to content himself with imprisonment, maybe because he himself often felt like beating the walls with his fists. He tried to use his time productively—he polished his Spanish and practiced guitar, even made contacts with growers for future reference—but each day he thought of freedom more obsessively.

So did Lisa. Though the women's section offered more amenities, there was even less privacy there than in the men's section. Lisa shared a cell with 18 other women and, because she spoke almost no Spanish, spent her days in crowded isolation.

Much of each day was occupied with idle grooming or lounging in the courtyard or waiting in line for use of one of the two pay telephones to which women prisoners had access. She called the attorney, acquaintances in Mexico, family members in Canada—anyone who could give her a moment of relief from the dull monotony of prison.

Shortly after being transferred to the state pen they had fired their first lawyer, after becoming convinced the additional money he was demanding would produce no results. But there was no shortage of *abogados* eager to replace him. When word got around Guadalajara legal circles that there were gringos awaiting trial on major smuggling charges, a procession of lawyers visited the prison, each with his own expensive plan for their release.

Eventually, through a recommendation by the Canadian consulate, they found a lawyer they thought could be trusted. He filed an assortment of motions in an attempt to win their release, but each of them failed.

Then one day in November, after more than four months in captivity, there was a sudden breakthrough. Because women in Mexico are expected to do what their men tell them to, a judge dropped all charges against Lisa and ordered her release, based on the assumption that her participation in the smuggling operation was merely at the bidding of her husband.

Christmas of 1980 came and went with Lisa on the outside working for his release and André on the inside growing more bored and desperate with each passing week.

To remedy the boredom he spent long hours in the tiny prison library, where he

nearly fell off his stool one day when he came across several copies of *HIGH TIMES*. Upon inquiring, he learned that the inmate librarian—perhaps in deference to the approximately 40 percent of the prisoners doing time on assorted marijuana charges—thought the magazine worthy of a portion of his small budget, even though only a few inmates read English. The rest, he thought, would enjoy the pictures.

Meanwhile, prison life was becoming more dangerous. Rivalries between drug dealers had killed three men in the past two months and tension continued to build. Gangs were forming and nasty, handcrafted weapons were being distributed among members. André had scrupulously avoided identification with any competing faction, but he knew that getting caught in the middle could prove as lethal as declaring loyalty to either side. As it turned out, it nearly was.

The explosion came one day in early January, shortly after morning roll call. André had just started walking down the two-story spiral staircase in his cell block on the way to a cup of coffee, when five excited inmates wielding knives and clubs appeared and began climbing the stairs at a trot.

Without pausing to find out whom they were after, André abruptly pivoted for a hasty retreat. Just then a half dozen men from the third floor, also armed, appeared at the top of the stairs.

André froze in his tracks. A frantic search of his memory produced no reason he should be killed; yet with thundering steps they descended upon him, eyes wild, nostrils flared. At the last moment he closed his eyes, cringing. He was roughly shoved against the railing, and footsteps rumbled past.

He opened his eyes and turned in time to see the two groups clash halfway down the staircase. Arms flailed and clubs thudded against flesh—groans, screams, a spurting of blood.

André sprinted to his cell and slammed the door behind him. Only the main gates to cell blocks locked from the outside; individual cells locked from the inside, designed not to keep the occupant in but all others out. He locked the door and retreated to the farthest wall of the cell.

Small groups of prisoners sped past his door and clattered down the stairs to join in the melee. When he had regained composure, André unlocked his cell and stepped to the balcony. He could barely believe what he saw. There beneath him were hundreds of prisoners slashing and bashing each other with knives, clubs and pieces of chain.

Totally overwhelmed, the handful of guards on duty had beaten a hasty retreat to one corner of the cell block where they guarded only their own lives until reinforcements could arrive. More guards finally showed up pulling an ultramodern tear-gas fogging machine which three of them immediately tried to fire up. One fiddled with this while the other poked at that, and the third stood reading an instruction booklet

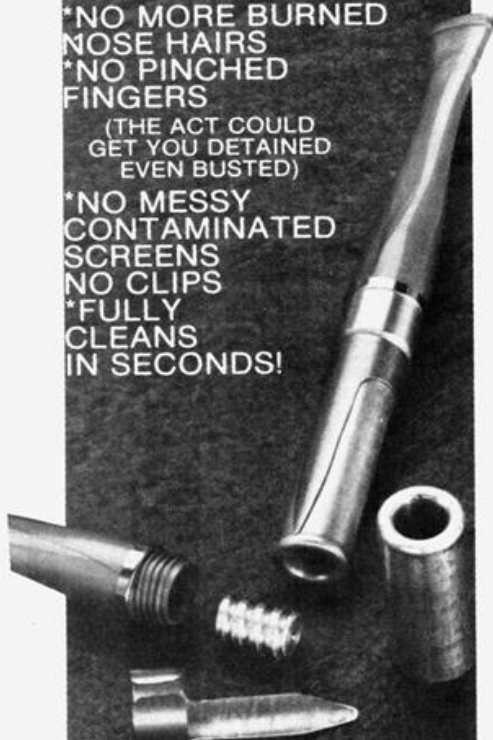
Next morning André sought out the chief guard of the dayshift on his cell block, a tall, young man named Miguel who had already proven himself both sympathetic and help-

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ful. When André and Lisa had decided two months earlier to smuggle home-canned liquor into the prison to make expense money, they had bribed Miguel to bring it in. Now André was approaching him with a much bigger proposition.

"If I ever wanted to walk out of here someday, could it be done?" asked André, trying to sound casual.

Miguel was leaning against a wall, staring absently into the sky. Now he turned and looked directly into André's eyes.

"I know how much your fancy lawyer costs. For that kind of money, he'll give you lies. For that money, I'll give you the street."

André was startled by Miguel's directness, but tried to sound calm.

"How?" he asked.

"You would have to get a good identification card and look different enough so no one could recognize you," said Miguel without hesitation, as if it were something he had considered before.

"How much?" asked André.

"Fifteen thousand dollars, U.S."

André returned to his cell, where Al was waiting.

"We'd need IDs, disguises and \$15,000," he said. "What do you think?"

"Beautiful," said Al, a wide smile stretched across his weathered face. "Just like makin' a movie."

Immediately, they began to plan. It was obvious what Miguel had in mind: When a visitor came to the prison he presented an ID, which was exchanged at the reception desk for a metal tag with a number on it, and then placed in a slotted cabinet. Then when the visitor was ready to leave, he returned the numbered tag and his ID was retrieved from the corresponding slot.

Clearly what Miguel planned was to somehow insert their fake IDs into the cabinet and provide them with the corresponding metal tags. Then, suitably disguised as visitors, they could simply walk to freedom. It sounded simple enough, but they knew it would not be easy.

Their disguises would have to be so deceptive that none of the hundreds of inmates and dozens of guards they would have to file past would recognize them. Not only must they not be recognized, they must not attract attention, for attention would ultimately lead to recognition. Considering that they were both six feet tall and white, this would not be easy.

And they would not be the only two involved. Jorge had already volunteered his art skills for forging IDs; it was only right that he go out with them. André also felt a responsibility for—if no longer a closeness to—Ted; he would be invited, though his decaying mental state might ultimately exclude him.

For the next several weeks they busied themselves with preparations. Al's friends on the outside had contacts in Hollywood, whom they used to procure the finest disguise materials: wigs, mustaches, makeup, the works. Lisa and Jorge, meanwhile,

went to work on the IDs.

They decided to use facsimiles of official state-issued identification cards, because these would attract the least attention from the guards who would examine them. Lisa, who had legally obtained one of the IDs after being released from prison, tracked down matching paper and ink, xeroxed her ID, and smuggled paper, ink and the xerox (the card itself was always kept at the reception desk) to André on visiting day. Jorge then transformed the materials into flawless forgeries.

Lisa also smuggled in some of the disguise materials, though most were brought in by Miguel, who demanded \$50 to \$100 for each act of cooperation.

Once all of the necessary materials were inside, visiting days were spent adapting and refining the disguises. Finally, content that they had sufficiently transformed their appearances, they smuggled in a camera, snapped photos for the IDs, then smuggled the film back out to have prints made, which were ultimately smuggled back in.

All systems were nearly go. The same could not be said for all the would-be escapes. After months of dysentery and pinning, Ted at last got word from Cheryl. It came in the form of a picture postcard saying she was sorry, but she had met Mr. Right and gotten married and was now off for a Hawaiian honeymoon—good luck. Though after seven months he had little reason to expect anything else, the card nudged Ted over the edge.

Disregarding assurances that the escape would come within three weeks, he crafted a pathetic ladder out of sticks and twine and one night tried to go over the wall. The ladder collapsed and dumped Ted in solitary confinement for 30 days.

André and Al debated whether to wait for Ted to get out of the hole. Al argued persuasively that the man had grown too flaky to pull it off, while André clung, more out of loyalty than reason, to the idea of taking him along. The debate was cut short. Jorge hurried into the cell to tell André that Miguel wanted to see him about something urgent.

"I think it no longer possible," said Miguel as André approached his guard post. "Next week, as you know, I get married and will be gone for one week. Now I have learned that as soon as I get back I will go for a month of special training and then probably be transferred to another prison. *Lo siento mucho*—I am very sorry."

André was stunned. For more than a month he had thought only of the escape, as if it were a safety net stretched over an abyss. Now the net had been ripped from beneath him and he grasped for an idea, a magic phrase that would put it back together. There was nothing.

"I'm sorry," repeated Miguel.

"No, wait," said André. "Listen. Wednesday. We'll go Wednesday. How about it?"

"But today is Sunday. Can you be ready?"

"We'll be ready," said André.

The IDs and disguises had been ready for more than a week. All that was needed was André's share of the money, \$7,500. Though Lisa's parents had nearly disowned her when she married André, they had come through with a promise of a loan. But so far that was all—a promise. As Sunday was a visiting day and Lisa was now in his cell, there was still a chance she could get the money by Wednesday.

Later that day Lisa told the guards she wasn't feeling well and wanted to leave that night rather than the following morning when visiting hours ended. As soon as she was out on the street she headed for the nearest telephone.

André, meanwhile, lay on his bunk staring at the ceiling. He would not know until Lisa came on Wednesday if the escape was on...

NOW HE AGAIN LAY ON HIS bunk staring at the ceiling. The escape was on, and within 20 minutes he would know its outcome.

When Lisa had arrived this morning she brought two bankbooks, each with a signed withdrawal slip for \$7,500. As a safeguard, each account had been taken out in two names—Miguel's and that of someone on the outside who could close the account if the escape fell through.

André had given Miguel the bankbooks and the fake IDs and then an hour later, just as Lisa was preparing to leave to catch her flight to Canada (André didn't want her around if the attempt failed), they had heard a plink outside the cell and then the scrape of a foot as it pushed three visitor's tags under the blanket covering the cell.

That was seven hours ago. Now it was time to leave. André rose from the bunk and gave a last glance into the mirror. Al made a final adjustment of his black wig and poked one of his brown-eye lenses back into place. Jorge drew a finger across his lips where his mustache had been and pulled the thick eye-glasses farther down his nose so he could see more clearly over the top.

"Ready?" asked André.

"Roll 'em," said Al.

André drew a deep breath, threw open the door and stepped out. He turned right and slowly passed three cells whose occupants he knew well, feeling relief when none of their faces appeared in his peripheral vision. Descending the spiral staircase, he was careful to drag his left foot slightly on each step. Never looking back nor to the side, he reached the bottom of the stairs and then turned right again for the long walk down the main street of the prison.

Only a few visitors remained but the street was well populated with prisoners who had accompanied their guests to the gate. André kept his eyes locked to the floor ten feet ahead but caught glimpses of familiar faces on either side. Some looked up as

continued on page 91



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Two years later, people knew better. What we didn't tell you about drugs, we showed you. How to grow magic mushrooms (#10) and sinsemilla (#11). First looks inside Peru's coca fields (#9) and Uncle Sam's pot plantation (#15). We explained the workings of the Marijuana Air Force and the global politics of dope wars. Revealed the Man Who Turned On the World and the world's 10 Best smuggling ships.

If you had these issues once, but lost them, you already know they're a treasury of modern dope lore. If you never read these issues, wouldn't you like to know how to choose a lawyer, safely use nitrous oxide, buy a judge and find psychedelic cacti?

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□ 3: Winter '75



□ 4: Spring '75



□ 5: Aug-Sept '75



□ 6: Oct-Nov '75



□ 7: Dec-Jan '76



□ 8: March '76



□ 9: May '76



□ 10: June '76



□ 11: July '76



□ 12: August '76



□ 13: September '76



□ 14: October '76



□ 15: November '76



□ 16: December '76



□ 17: January '77



□ 18: February '77



□ 19: March '77



□ 20: April '77



□ 21: May '77



□ 22: June '77



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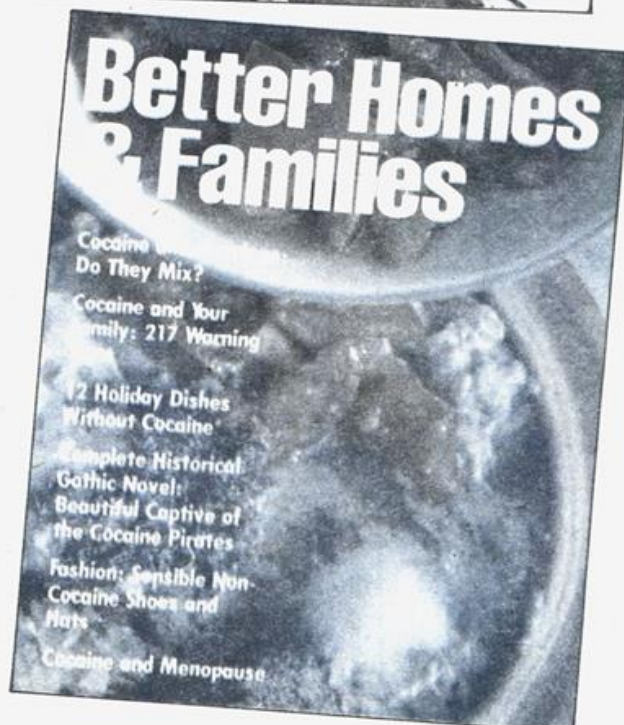
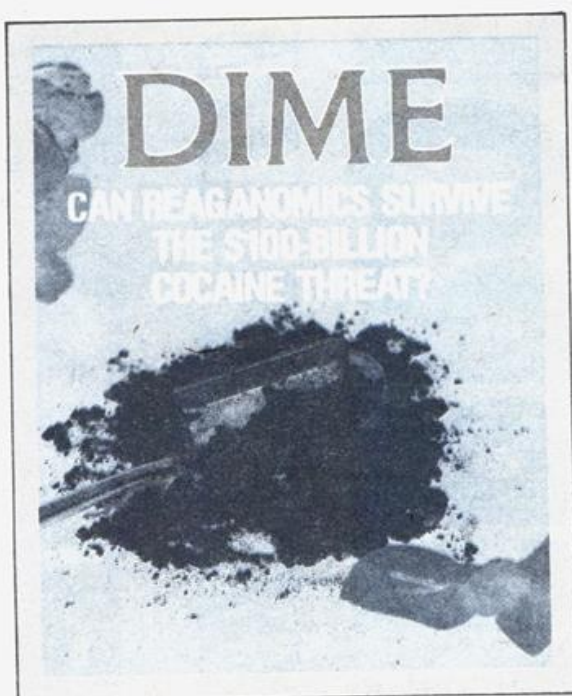
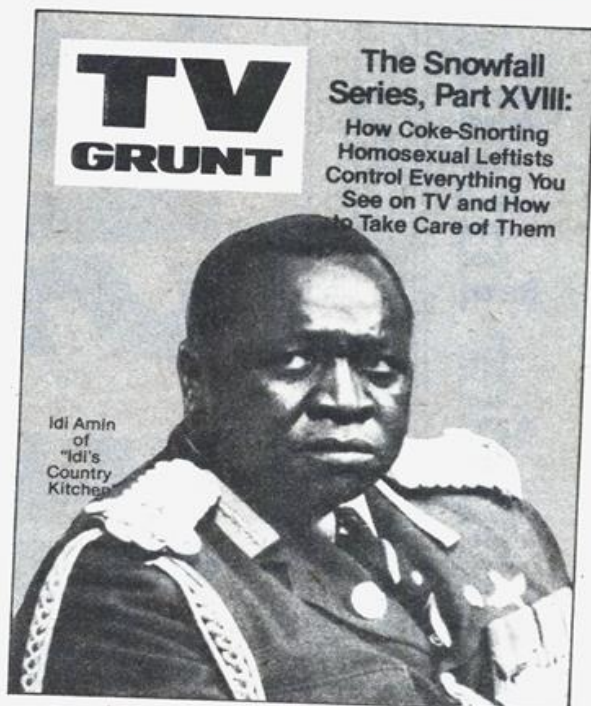
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The Sandbag Courier-Intelligencer

"From The County That Gave Us Henry Ward Beecher"

Wednesday, October 14, 1981

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COCAINE SHOCK TERRORIZES CITY! TOP COP ARMS FOR 'DOPE' WAR



Police Chief Bud Studd shocked the Sandbag Town Council out of their seats last night by pinpointing cocaine abuse as the cause of the savage new wave of vandalism that has afflicted our little burg. "It's the work of deviant dope addicts driven out of their proper senses by the rising tide of cocaine which has exploded in our faces," Chief Studd charged. While Mrs. Prickett was being resusci-

plained. "We'll need a high-pressure water cannon at both ends of Main Street, see? And I want all six deputies outfitted with wide-bore super-stun guns, and also these Taser Fazer gimmicks that shoot out little electrical wires that buzz a drugs addict right out of his pants. Cutest damn little dealers you ever did see. But mainly I want a Deafener. That's a great big siren you plant in

shot back, "Isn't 'snow' drugs slang for cocaine? Let's have a show of hands on this issue, here and now, and see who's who exactly." The emergency drugs-war appropriation passed unanimously.

"When it comes to cocaine, you have to take the bull by the horns and buckle up tight," pledged Chief Studd. "These may seem like extreme measures, but the fact is, coke makes its addicts



Sandbag Town Council as they met last night. Chief Studd is seated.

KIDS HAVE NO CHANCE' AGAINST COKE, SEZ COACH

"Kids on drugs is a terrible thing to think about, but the story has to come out," declares Fenimore Cooper High School gym coach Junior Peterson. "They're all on it, two-three nights out of the week. Yesirree bob, coked up higher than a kite. All of 'em. Except my boys."

Coach Peterson's shocking revelations of epidemic cocaine abuse in our schools

was made during a tearful, emotional address to the Sandbag PTA and school board. "A clean kid hasn't got a chance any more," sobbed Peterson. "Coke today is what camping out and swimming and running foot-races and good, healthy, wholesome competition was in our generation. It's all they ever think of or try to achieve—except for my

boys."

The point of the special PTA-board session was originally to discuss whether Coach Peterson should not be replaced this season as head of the Fenimore Cooper basketball team, the Golden Possums, which has lost nine games in a row so far. School alumni were particularly concerned that the team only managed to score three bas-

kets in all nine games.

However, concern soon switched to the drugs problem when the Coach began talking. "All the other coaches give out coke like it was candy," he told a hushed audience in the Masonic hall. "The front five on every team gets a pinch of it before the game and at half-time, and bonus pinches afterward for every basket scored. The coaches have it down to a system. The only way they get to be coaches themselves is by bribing their school boards with coke."

All Fenimore Cooper school board members immediately denied that anyone had ever tried to bribe them with cocaine, and swore that they would not take any such bribe if offered. Coach Peterson was particularly commended for never stooping to this drugs ruse, although all the other coaches in other schools have done so.

"We keep it pretty clean at Fenimore Cooper," the coach assured them. "Unfortunately, a clean team hasn't got a chance against these cocaine fiends. But when this drugs fad runs its course, the Golden Possums will be number one again."

The last time the Golden Possums won a regional championship was 1958, the year before Junior Peterson himself joined the squad as center

tated from an attack of the vapors, the chief went on to detail his tremendous new offensive in the war on drugs crime in Sandbag.

A special emergency appropriation of tax funds will be required, Chief Studd ex-

smarter than the police. It's a proven fact. So brute force is the only way to deal with 'em. Shoot first."

The chief cited a clear escalation in the violence of the local vandalism for such harsh measures. "They used to just spray-paint 'Chief Studd Sucks' on the WCTU park fountain, but now it's 'Chief Studd Bites.' The difference between sucking and biting is a very, very significant jump. Let this cocaine thing go on, and next they'll be (cont. on pg. 14)

SEMI PLUNGE SHOCK LAID TO 'COKE SMOKE'

by the Editors

With the unhappiness that visited our little town last week still fresh in everyone's minds, we are glad to learn the shocking cause of it from County Supervisor Jefferson Muttface, who has investigated it clear to the bottom. The fault was not with the driver of the 14-ton semi full of nitrous-oxide whipped-cream chargers which fell through the Slug Drive bridge into the Sandbag Municipal Reservoir. The fault was not either with Joe Sal-vage, who managed to break up all the chargers as they were lifting the semi out, so that everyone in town acted so strange for days and days. And the fault is certainly not here at the Sandbag *Intelligencer-Courier*, just because our reporters "wrote up" all the strange behavior they saw, and some which they only saw in their heads. The fault was with cocaine, pure and simple, Supervisor Muttface has discovered.

How did a bridge ever come to be built over a municipal water reservoir, we asked Mr. Muttface, and he promptly found out? It is because the much-esteemed solons (or so they fancy themselves) of the

almighty state legislature are all slaves to cocaine!! And so are the big construction interests! Back in 1937, some big construction muckamucks wanted to make money from building a bridge in Sandbag, and since the only water here is the reservoir, they had to build it there. And how did they get the go-ahead from the state legislature to do such a crazy thing?

"They bribed 'em with coke," says Mr. Muttface. "I remember it like yesterday. They trucked up whole bales and bushels of cocaine to the State House and bribed that bridge project through. Sure as I'm standing here now, that bridge was built on coke-smoke. I told 'em it'd never last, and now here we are. Because of a narcotic drug."

So Jefferson Muttface certainly has this newspaper's endorsement in his latest bid for Assemblyman on the Republican line! He looks, thinks and acts like a man no older than 70! And since this whole unhappy incident was strictly the work of cocaine, pure and simple, certainly all those libel suits against the *Courier-Intelligencer* should be dropped. How about it?



1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

ELEVENTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

156 THEY HAVEN'T THE GUTS TO DO something about the world they put down. So they get stoned and hope when they awake things will be different.
Bill Graham, 1970

157 WHEN A MAN FACES HIS MAKER HE will have to account for those pleasures of life he failed to experience.
Talmud

158 WOMEN NEVER TAKE DRUGS WITH- out some regret.
Leonard Cohen

159 YOU JUST COULDN'T FIGHT IF YOU didn't have any pot. You wouldn't be of any use because you'd be too scared. The NCO's and the officers know that and they don't hassle us.
21-year-old U.S. Army PFC in Vietnam, Vietnam Med. Bull., 1969

160 I COME FROM A FAMILY 1000 PER- cent alcoholic. I wish to Christ a couple of them would have used a little co- caine or something to slow it up a little bit. Whiskey wrecked my family...
Jimmy Breslin, Rolling Stone

161 I ENJOY MARIJUANA AND WOULD have hurt many people and things if it wasn't for the mellow feeling it gave me in the past.
Prisoner, Mississippi, 1981

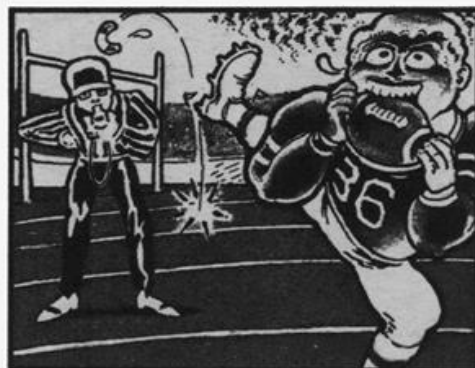


162 BLOW YOUR MIND... SMOKE gunpowder.

163 THERE ISN'T ANY QUESTION ABOUT marijuana being a sexual stimu- lant. It has been used throughout the ages for that... its use in colleges today has sexual connotations. A classical example of amatory evidence is contained in the article "Hash- ish Poisoning in England" from the *London Police Journal* of 1934. In this remarkable case, a young man and his girl friend plant- ed marijuana seeds in their backyard and when the stalks matured they crushed the flowering tops and smoked one cigarette... and then engaged in such erotic activities that the neighbors called the police and they were taken to jail...

Harry J. Anslinger

164 THERE IS AN INCREDIBLE NEW tranquilizer on the market called: "Fuckital."
Thought, 1970s



165 CHIP OLIVER SAYS THAT HE ONCE kicked a 75 yard field goal in prac- tice while he was high on mescaline. My answer to that is that I once punted 86 yards at the University of Kentucky. At the time I was high on Polish sausage.

George Blanda, Oakland Raider quarterback, Rolling Stone

166 DOPISM (DOPIST): THE BELIEF THAT using large amounts of dope makes one automatically better than any- one else.

167 DOST THINK BECAUSE THOU ART virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 3, 1.124



Illustrations by Ned Sonntag

168 THE CASE COULD BE MADE THAT IF a male goes through 4 years of college on many campuses now, without this [marijuana smoking] experience, this abstinence bespeaks a rigidity in his charac- ter structure and fear of his impulses that is hardly desirable.

Robert S. Liebert, M.D., College Physician, Columbia University, 1967

169 THE INNKEEPER LOVES THE DRUNK- ard, but not for a son in law.
Yiddish proverb

170 ONE ARGUMENT COMMONLY PUT forward is that addicts are re- sponsible for a large part of violent crimes. A body of research suggests, however, that addicts are more likely to commit property crimes than crimes against the person, and that assaultive crime is not especially addic- tion-related.

Thomas Reed, MPA, Dept. of Research, Addiction Services Agency, NYC, Intl. J. Addict, 1980

171 YOU DIRTY MOTHER-FUCKER, JAIL- ing me for having a joint while you cool it with muggers and winos.
Ghetto youth to undercover agent who had just busted him

172 OH... OH... CAN'T YOU SEE Love is the drug for me.
Roxy Music, late '70s

173 ONE OF EVERY FOUR 12 YEAR OLDS in America is a heavy drinker.
HEW, 1977

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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CHECKING UP ON THE KIDS

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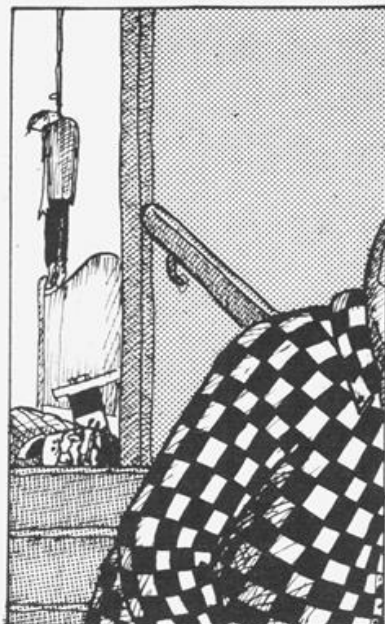
KIND OF QUIET UPSTAIRS.

TOO QUIET.

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER CHECK UP ON THEM.

MAYBE I WILL.

THOSE BRATS ARE PROBABLY UP TO NO GOOD AGAIN.



IT'S OK, THEY'RE JUST DEAD.

THE LITTLE ANGELS.



REMEMBER, NO
MATTER HOW YOU
SLICE IT—



Cartoonland NEWS-VIEWS ENERGY

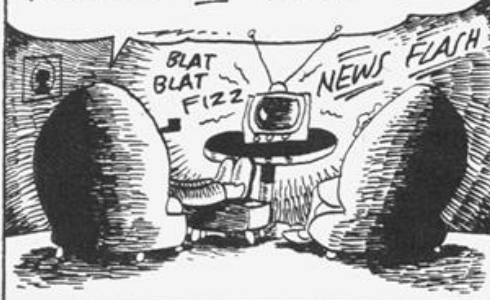
IT'S STILL
BALONEY!



DATELINE:

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COFFEY

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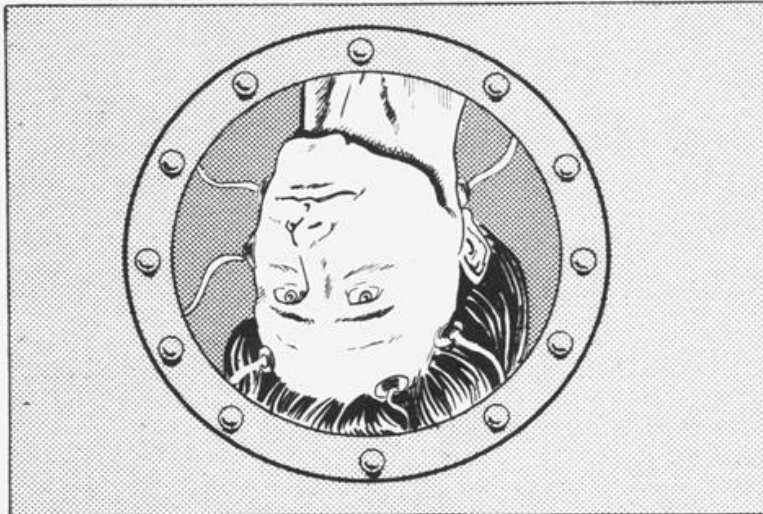
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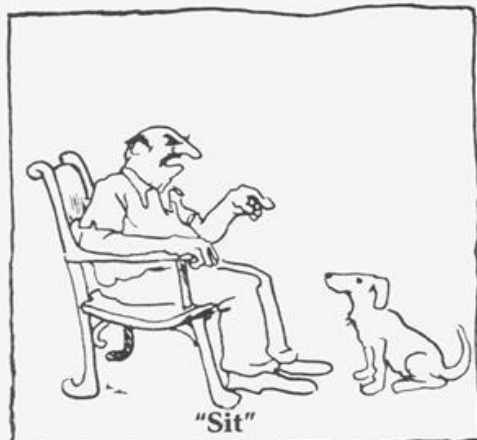
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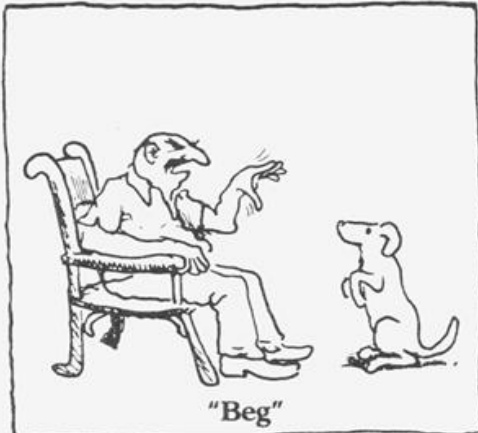
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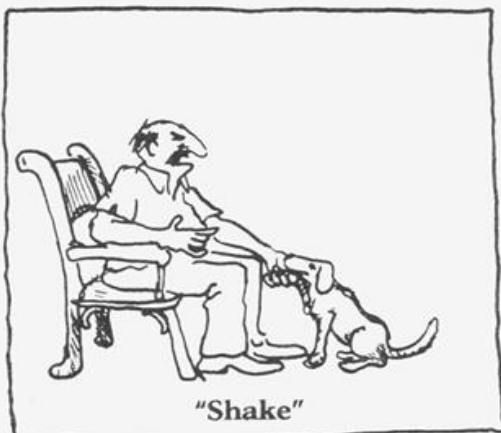
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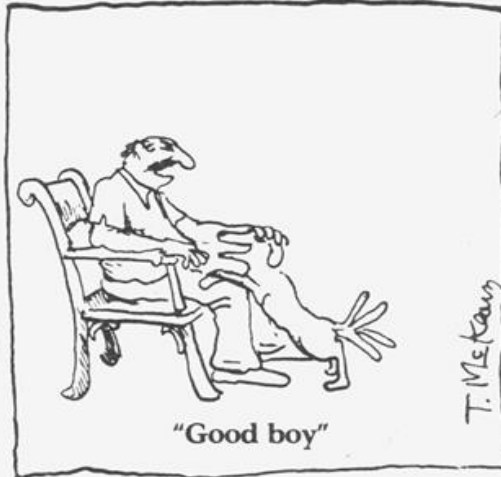
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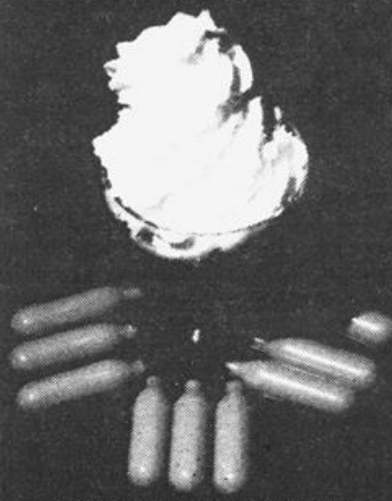
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ESCAPE FROM GUADALAJARA

continued from page 77

he passed but none stopped to stare.

Past the shoe factory and a couple of restaurants, past vegetable stands and the security office, André walked the old man's walk he had practiced so many hours. He had been convinced his limp was perfect, but now the walk, like this entire experience, seemed somehow unreal and he could no longer imagine how he appeared to others.

Suddenly he felt eyes burning into him from all sides. He could hear Al's footsteps about 15 feet behind him but could not identify Jorge's. He strained to hear, and when he couldn't he felt a barely controllable urge to turn to see if Jorge was still there. But he kept his eyes locked to the floor.

At the reception desk he laid his tag on the counter and saw a hand reach for it, but did not see a face, because he was afraid to take his eyes from the counter. Then an ID with the face he had seen in the mirror was laid before him, and André picked it up and proceeded to the next checkpoint. There a guard examined the card front and back and pulled it closer for a better look. André could feel the guard's stare but was afraid to return it, afraid his eyes would betray him.

Finally the card was handed back, and he continued to the final checkpoint. Already he had come 150 yards, and, though the remaining distance was no more than 20 feet, he was not sure he could make it.

A cold fear had penetrated his spine at the last checkpoint and now he felt his knees begin to tremble. Did the guards know of the plan? Had they been paid off by Miguel? Had the poor dumb gringos been set up? André had told Miguel he'd protected himself against a double cross, but he hadn't explained how. Were the guards just waiting to gun them down once they crossed the threshold so they could keep the money without having to explain away an escape?

His mind convulsed at the possibilities. A long-abandoned tic began tugging at the corner of his right eye.

André limped onward. At the final checkpoint, the guard merely glanced at the card and stepped aside.

As suddenly as the fear had come, it was gone. He felt a tremendous surge of strength and joy but struggled to maintain the mask of impassivity his face had worn since he'd left the cell.

He stepped over the threshold of freedom and onto the outer pavement. A third-class bus full of peasants and chickens roared by spewing feathers and thick, black exhaust. André drew in a deep lungful of the foul air. Still trying not to show emotion, he glanced back just as Al was passing the final checkpoint, Jorge directly behind him.

He turned again from the prison and drew another deep breath. Across the street in an open plaza, he could see a group of children playing tag.

Then the old man turned and limped up the street, smiling. □

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MAX



Katherine Holt

COPELAND AND HUTTO BRING BACK THE BLUES



Blues guitar with a vengeance: Johnny Copeland (left) and J.B. Hutto (opposite).

By the mid '70s it seemed that all the inroads blues made in the popular audience during the '60s had been wiped out. Many of the older players were dying off, and even such perennial greats as B.B. King were forced to alter their recording styles to accommodate the homogenizing demands of disco production. But in the '80s the blues has once again caught the public interest and, as a result, two of the greatest living blues guitarists, Johnny Copeland and J.B. Hutto, have suddenly reemerged from obscurity and released powerful new albums.

The lanky, wizened Hutto plays down-and-dirty blues-rock guitar as well as it can be played. There's nothing fancy about his stripped-down, boogie 'n' blues format: His three-piece band of young, white, Massachusetts-based musicians plays a straight-

ROMEO: Reggae Like a Rolling Stone

Max Romeo, one of reggae's best singers and writers, recently released a groundbreaking record called *Holding Out My Love to You* (Shanachie Records, Dalebrook Park, Dept. R, HoHoKus, NJ 07423), a collaboration with Rolling Stone Keith Richard. Max journeyed up to HIGH TIMES to talk about the record, his first in several years. "It was really something I wanted to do for a long time," he said in thick Rasta patois. "My goal was to attract newcomers to the music, like guys who listen to country and western. That was the main thing: to bring people into it, to give them something different, so that's how I came up with this concept. I hate to use the word *concept*; it's like add a little more sweetness to the music."

The main difference between *Holding Out* and Romeo's past work is that his writing now is less political. For the most part these songs are geared to be universally identifiable, but Romeo did not envision himself being criticized for depoliticizing the music as Peter Tosh was. "They'll accept it," he said of the Jamaican fans. "It's reggae, it's just that it's sweeter than normal. The lyrics have a lot to do with it. Peter was using his same lyrics, his same kind of thoughts, but these are more mild lyrics so they can take that amount of sweetness."

Romeo admitted that the attempted assassination of Bob Marley was partly responsible for his switch to less political material. "When Bob was shot it ran through my mind that it could happen to me too, but really my songs don't identify with politics, I'm not for

either side you know, but the fear ran through my mind, some idiot might try something."

Marley was close to death when we talked—he died a few weeks later of cancer—and Romeo said Marley's illness had a profound effect on him. "I used to get high smoking all the time, but since I learned what happened to Bob I cut down smoking now to a few spliffs a day, maybe more if I'm writing, for the inspiration, I'm conscious about the lungs now, man."

Despite Romeo's concerns, the message of *Holding Out* is hopeful and joyous. The title track is an inspirational message to his people to keep trying in the face of adversity, a stirring encouragement reminiscent of the late '60s R&B classics like "Keep On Pushing." Romeo's sweet voice carries through the record beautifully, set off against a great vocal chorus comprised of Janice Pendarvas, Joshie Armstead, Zack Sanders, I Kong and Bobby Floyd. The message of infectious gems like "Keep On Dancin'," "Smiling in Your Face," "Nice and Easy," "Wishing for Love" and "Holding Out My Love to You" is easily understandable by anyone. On "Truth Is Truth," a sinewy R&B-style cooker, Romeo sings as well as Smokey Robinson. The strong R&B slant of the record is not surprising when you consider Romeo's roots. "I grew up on Fats Domino, Louis Jordan and 1950s rhythm and blues, things like the Platters," he said.

"I'm not into punk very much," Romeo said when asked his opinion of current sounds. "I like the music but I'm not heavy

into it. I appreciate every music. I like the Police, they're very creative. They're not playing reggae and they're not playing rock, they're right in between the music. Whatever it is, it's something new."

One musician Romeo is particularly happy with is Keith Richard, who co-produced *Holding Out* and played guitar on a number of the LP's tracks. "Keith's a great guy," he smiled. "Very easy to get on with, very pleasant and very soft musical player, a fantastic guitar player." The backing tracks for *Holding Out* were virtually finished when Richard first heard them. Recording had been done in Jamaica up until that point with the brilliant rhythm section of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare setting the tone. Richard brought the tapes into Electric Lady studios in New York to add the finishing touches. On "Bell the Cat," Richard's angular playing makes the song sound very much like a Rolling Stones number.

Hanging out with Richard made Romeo an honorary Rolling Stone. "It was fun working on it," he said. "One day I walk into the studio, everybody was uptight, man, you know, they wanted to go home. The Stones were recording *Emotional Rescue* and they were on the last track, 'Dance,' and they were wondering what to do. I just walked right into the studio and Mick says, 'Hey, this is Max, man, it's finished, Max is here, it's finished.' I didn't know what he was talking about. So he asked me to sing the backing vocal and we just went in and did it, and there it was you know. They were finished."

forward Chicago blues vamp and Hutto reels off chorus after chorus of searing solos, switching between finger picking and slide playing as he goes. He can sing in a sweet, high-pitched voice, but when he cranks it up and walks off the stage into the crowd, still playing his ass off while crazed fans slam him on the back and dance around him, you know this guy is the goods.

"This is my first album in a couple of years," Hutto drawled as he leaned against the bar in between sets at Tramps, New York's best blues bar. "I had been playing around Chicago, playing bars to pass the hat and house parties, looking for a gig, and I came through Boston a few years ago and met some people who were interested in putting a thing together. I still live in Chicago but now my manager, booking agent and

record company are in Massachusetts and we play a lot in that area."

Hutto and the New Hawks are in good form on *Keeper of the Flame* (Baron, 11 Dell Ave., Melrose, MA 02176), a half-live, half-studio set that is as good as anything he's done before. "Love Retirement" and "Fifteen Cent Phone Call" are Hutto originals that show off a writer's wit to match his vocal and instrumental talents, while he also covers Gershwin's "Summertime" with chilling beauty. The live side sweats with a vengeance—"Dim Lights," "Let Me Love You" and "Tumbleweed" show why those audiences start to pull the place apart when J.B. checks into high gear.

If Hutto is the apotheosis of the gutbucket party blues player, Johnny Copeland comes in from the other extreme: *Copeland Spe-*



Valley Advocate/Dorn Young

cial (Rounder, 186 Willow Ave., Somerville, MA 02144) is as polished and sophisticated a blues record as you'll ever hear. Yet the record isn't slick, but intensely powerful, the statement of a man who's been holding back his message for a lifetime.

In the 1950s, when the market for blues was strong but provincial enough to be strictly regional, Copeland was a big star in Texas, easily as popular as such national entities as B.B. King. There was no album market for what he was doing at the time, so Copeland released a series of singles, only one of which, "Down On Bended Knee," ever got any national exposure. A series of personal setbacks and management gaffes reduced him to penury. By the '70s he made a living picking up gigs in Harlem, where he ended up with a residency at the Top Club, in between forays back to Houston.

For the past three years producer Dan Doyle and Copeland's musical director,

keyboardist Ken Vangel, scraped and sweated to put together Copeland's first album. Their faith in his genius and his own patience with the inevitable delays and disappointments finally paid off when Rounder records agreed to buy the project, which had been independently financed from a shoestring budget.

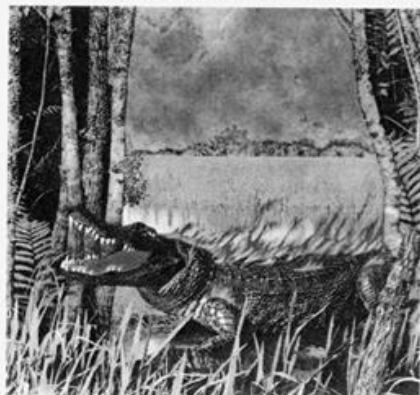
The final product is probably one of the best blues albums in history. Copeland's brilliant, intensely emotional singing and clean, fluid guitar playing make him the greatest Texas guitarist since T Bone Walker. His writing demonstrates an equal facility with rocking, up-tempo blasts or soulful slow blues. "Claim Jumper" kicks off the album at a torrid pace, the fatback rhythm section urging Johnny on as he slices knife-hot guitar fills and gutsy vocal lines between ripping horn passages. Vangel's excellent horn arrangements are executed by an astonishing section that includes some of to-

day's top jazz players. The great Arthur Blythe plays alto and solos on the title track; Bayard Lancaster doubles on alto and tenor and solos on "It's My Own Tears" and "Big Time"; Joe Rigby plays baritone and cuts the "Claim Jumper" solo; George "Pepper" Adams plays tenor and soprano and solos on four tracks.

One of the most extraordinary moments comes in the finale, when Copeland sings the W.C. Handy classic "St. Louis Blues" in awesome, funereal style. This song has been covered by virtually every major jazz and blues singer in history and Copeland takes a lot on his plate to try it, but his reading is so magnificently beautiful it subtly recasts the tune once more, which is as great a tribute as I can give to the man. It's a measure of his enormous talent that Copeland's guitar playing, which is at the apex of the style, is overshadowed on this set by his unbelievable singing. □

NOTES

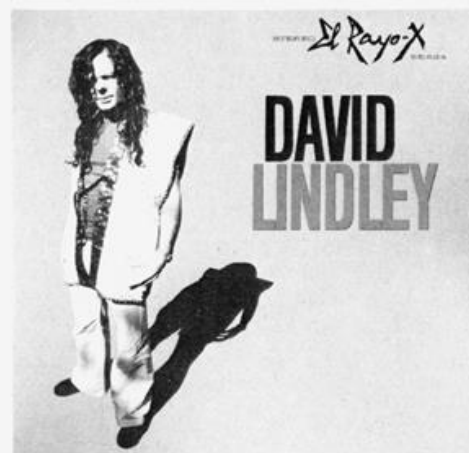
NEVILLE BROTHERS



FIYO ON THE BAYOU, Neville Brothers (A&M SP 4866). This has got to be one of the albums of the decade, the hottest single LP to come out of New Orleans in years, probably since Big Mac's famous *Gumbo* (the Dr. adds his keyboards here to "Brother John/Iko Iko"). Individually, the Neville Brothers have distinguished themselves via Aaron Neville's '60s solo outing (the great "Tell It Like It Is" spawned a whole school of beautiful R&B ballads at the time); as part of the Meters; and as part of the Wild Tchoupitoulas. Here they outdo the Meters on the title cut, burn your record player down with the incredible "Hey Pocky Way" and cool you to sleep with Aaron's crooning "The Ten Commandments of Love" while the Persuasions answer him on backing vocals. Don't waste any more time reading about it—go get the album and hear for yourself.



EYE OF THE STORM, Chris Darrow/Max Buda (Takoma TAK7092); **EL RAYO-X**, David Lindley (Asylum SE-524). In 1968, while the Dead, Airplane, Quicksilver and the Grape were getting all the headlines, the chief cognoscenti of the San Francisco sound held that Kaleidoscope was the city's hottest combo. Truth to be told, those guys were pretty weird—*Beacon from Mars*, their second album, tells the whole story and suggests that few groups could go fuuuurtherr. What was so weird was that they were brilliant multiinstrumentalists who blended a panoply of music styles into a dense psychedelic mix that often hit the white-noise-trance-music stage *offhandedly*. So time marches on and the now merely mortal ex-Kaleidoscopes have released these two LPs that can be enjoyed immensely without the spiritual aid of purple barrels or chocolate mescaline. *Eye of the Storm* sounds like dub Rolling Stones, flashy and sweet instrumentals led by Max Buda's violin and breathy harp and finished off with Darrow's uncanny guitar playing. Darrow's single-note and slide technique is unparalleled.



David Lindley took time off from backing up every singer-songwriter on the West Coast to put together the truly demented *El Rayo-X*, a record that proves there's still hope for rock's more "eccentric" lights. In fact, Lindley manages to pull an eclectic series of influences into a coherent whole even more successfully than Ry Cooder, with whom he collaborated on Cooder's *Bop Till You Drop*. Bob "Frizz" Fuller's "She Took Off My Romeos" opens the record on a beautifully deadpan note and reveals Lindley as a pretty good Joe Walsh-type singer (another collaborator). Jackson Browne (another collaborator) produced this set and undoubtedly encouraged Lindley to include very unusual covers of "Bye, Bye Love" and "Twist and Shout."

Lindley's version of K.C. Douglas's "Mercury Blues" is the album's hottest moment, a driving rocker with some of the meanest slide guitar you're ever going to hear. The Tex-Mex-calypso-reggae-conjunto title track is a stroke of genius complete with Spanish lyrics and English translation: "I am the hairy scorpion that bites you in the desert." Whatta line! Whatta guy! □

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INTERVIEW: CURTIS SLIWA

continued from page 37

the whole trip down to their membership. **HIGH TIMES:** So you were seen as an economic threat.

SLIWA: There was also a certain amount of professional jealousy involved. Just put yourself in their position. You're a transit cop, ten-year veteran, well decorated, you've been in life-or-death situations, have had guns pointed at you and survived. You're in the worst police environment in the city, and you have to operate in this sewer of crime by yourself.

The Guardian Angels come down. You hear clapping, people smacking them on the back—just like the doughboys coming home from World War I. It's like we're totally heroes. You look at these predominantly black and Hispanic kids: You're used to locking these guys up. And, nobody's saying "good job" to you, even though yesterday you collared three guys with weapons who were assaulting an old man. In fact, the only time that you deal with the public is when they're yelling at you: "Why aren't you walking around?" "Why weren't you there when I got mugged?"

HIGH TIMES: So you admit that there was reasonable cause for resentment on their part?

SLIWA: No, it was not reasonable. A reasonable cause for resentment would have been if we were in essence trying to do their job, looking to make busts as opposed to acting primarily as a deterrent.

I know if I was a transit cop, I would be very happy to see some people who were down there that I know I could depend on if I was in trouble. You cannot depend on the public. The only people the cops can depend on when they're in trouble are their fellow people in blue and the Guardian Angels. And that's what it comes down to.

HIGH TIMES: Well, Curtis, they obviously don't feel the same way. Tell us about the time you were taken for a ride.

SLIWA: I had finished visiting the patrols of Fifty-ninth Street on a Sunday night and I was on the way back home riding by myself, got off at Fordham Road, came down the stairs and there was a maroon car in front. A maroon Fury. And I turned the corner and a guy came running out. A tall, lean, black guy, well dressed, with gold jewelry, you know, really sharp.

He introduced himself. "Officer Johnson, Transit Police, following your career bro, everything I dig about you guys."

HIGH TIMES: He showed you a shield.

SLIWA: Yeah. He flashed a detective shield and he gave me one of those soul shakes, it took about sixteen minutes to get through it all. He had so many variations of it. I was sort of like just gliding through, just leaving my hand out there, because I lost him on about the third shake.

"You're cool, you're dynamite, you guys are really great. I've been an admirer of yours for a long time. But we've got a problem tonight. I hate to have to tell you this.

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HIGH TIMES: You believed him totally?

SLIWA: Oh yes.

HIGH TIMES: Was there anyone else in the car?

SLIWA: We did a U-turn and while he was doing the U-turn I was introduced to the two guys in the back. They were white, gray-haired men, elderly, introduced to me as detectives.

HIGH TIMES: Did they show shields?

SLIWA: No, I didn't ask them to. I was convinced. The black dude was strapped. He looked like a detective. It looked like a police car. What the fuck am I going to be questioning them. The thing that bothered me was that the dudes in the back looked kinda old, man. Transit cops do their twenty years and they're gone.

HIGH TIMES: In other words they were too old to be on this kind of duty?

SLIWA: I thought so. I have never seen a transit cop wanting to do more than his twenty years. The subways are the pits.

So I'm a little taken back. But they're being real nice and jovial. Well, I'm looking up ahead, I can now see Jacobi Hospital, and all of a sudden Jacobi's gone. They didn't take the cutoff. Now right away—I'm not a stupid guy—I know the deal. That's Jacobi Hospital. There's no way you could work in the Bronx and not know that that's Jacobi Hospital. But you don't think that I'm gonna be stupid enough to say, "Hey, how come we didn't stop at Jacobi Hospital?"

By now I got about ten pounds underneath my pants and the steam is rising. I know the deal. The dude up front is strapped, and so are the two guys behind me. They're not playing around.

We're heading out to eastern Long Island by now, but, hey, I'm not into playing Superman at forty-five miles per hour. What the hell, if I jump out I'm gonna get squished by oncoming traffic. Anyway, we finally pulled off the main roadway at the exit for Jones Beach.

HIGH TIMES: What time of night was it?

SLIWA: It was somewhere around twelve or one A.M., in the middle of February. And there's nobody around. The seagulls have vacated. The trees are bundling themselves up. Even the toll booths going out to Jones Beach are boarded up. So we're on this roadway, the lights are out, and the guy behind me says, "Hey, Curtis, I want to tell you something. Let's say your mother—" "Yeah," I said. They gave me a two-day portfolio of where both my parents had been.

Then they gave me an hour-by-hour movement of my sister in Queens for two days, and an hour-by-hour movement of my sister, El, in Manhattan for two days and then an hour-by-hour movement of myself.

It wasn't scary them knowing where I was going because it doesn't take any great



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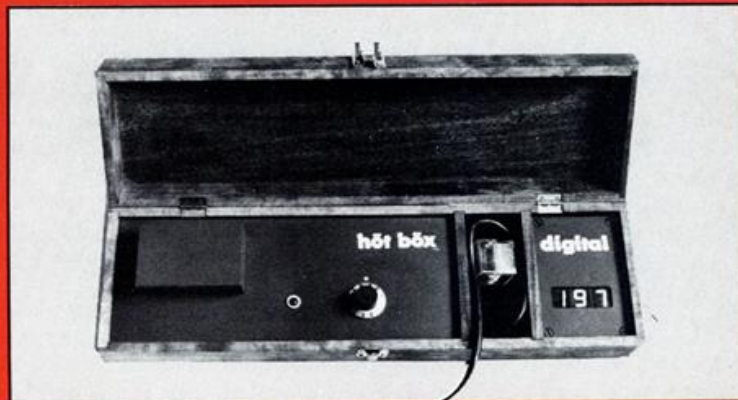
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shakes to follow Curtis Sliwa and his movements. It did disturb me to find out that now they're dragging my family in and the implication was that though superheroes might not get hurt, those close to superheroes might get hurt. That's the exact way the dude phrased it behind me. So then they pulled off into a side road into one of the parking lots. The black guy turned to me and said, "Look, Curtis, Rocky babe, the night set on your shoulders, you got a great way to rap with the words, you got a great future ahead of you. But, if we ever have to take you on this ride again, the three of us in the car, if we ever have to go on this ride again, the only way you're gonna leave this car is if we carry you out, and you ain't gonna be riding in the front seat. You're gonna be riding in the trunk. Now they ain't gonna put a scratch on your head. We want you to think hard about what we have said."

I opened the door and stepped out, and they just phewed out into the darkness. I saw them get onto that little highway and vroom—they left me in the middle of nowhere.

HIGH TIMES: But nothing ever happened to your family?

SLIWA: Just a lot of threatening phone calls.

HIGH TIMES: When you were eighteen years old you were given an award by then president Richard Nixon for being among the top hundred newsboys in the country.

SLIWA: Yeah.

HIGH TIMES: What happened when you met Nixon?

SLIWA: Well, I felt that they were treating me like a little kid, patted on the head, given some cheap tie clip, you know, here's your lollipop, stick it in your mouth and get the hell out of here. That was the White House's attitude. They gave me this American flag to wear, and I said, "Why do I have to put on an American flag? I'm American. If I wasn't American I wouldn't be here." Anyway, they told me not to make any comments, to accept the award and then just move out of the way of the camera. Well, when my turn came, I refused to move. My pictures with Nixon had to be doctored anyway because I had this pencil sticking out from behind my ear and looked like a butcher boy who wraps meat.

HIGH TIMES: But didn't you crack to Nixon about a lollipop or something when he handed you the award?

SLIWA: I said, "By the way, while we're at it, where's my lollipop?" He had this expression on his face, like, get this kid outta here! I was rushed out by the White House staff and they were angry and asked me, "Don't you have any respect for the president?" I told them, "Sure, I respect the guy. But do you really think this trip was worth my while, just so I could get a cheap pen and tie clip?"

HIGH TIMES: Has there ever been any politician you've met, or even just heard speak, that you would consider, if not endorsing as a public figure, supporting as a private citizen?

SLIWA: Absolutely none.

HIGH TIMES: No elected official, anywhere?

SLIWA: Not impressed by any of them. To

me, a politician is like a bowl of Jell-o, shifting from side to side. The politician who can nail Jell-o to the wall, that's the guy who gets my vote.

HIGH TIMES: What's the latest on your running battle with the graffiti gangs of New York City? You've always seemed to believe that they were into heavier things than just marking up trains.

SLIWA: There are more graffiti crews in New York City than the combined forces of all the police departments. Graffiti people number past a hundred thousand, easily. The city can't stop them.

What should be done is that a few of the trains should be scrubbed and the city should provide payment to the artists to do the murals on the outside. Notice I say murals, not pieces, because then it would be a mural, because a piece is done in a yard, in a lay-up, under a tremendous amount of pressure: with the third rail on, with a faulty light system. Most of these guys in the paint parties—that's what they're called—take Quaaludes and drink beer and really get ripped and go off for four or five hours. They bring with them maybe twenty, thirty cans of various colored spray paints and different nozzles.

HIGH TIMES: For all intents and purposes, Curtis, the Guardian Angels was built around personality. And your charisma, more than anything else, has kept them going these last three years. What do you think would happen to your group if you were killed?

SLIWA: Well, first off, let's hope it doesn't happen, of course. If it had happened six months ago, the entire organization would have collapsed. There's no question about it.

HIGH TIMES: Why is that?

SLIWA: Because it was totally dependent on crisis management. The strength I had was the ability to counterpunch, no matter how many enemies were out there attempting to discredit us and knock us out of existence.

Now we've gotten to a point where we have so many chapters, where we have a person, Lisa Evers, who has assisted me and been to most of the cities that I have been, who understands totally the concept, and though she may not know how to deal with all the different personalities on the scene, she would be able to hold the fort together. **HIGH TIMES:** Do you think, though, that Lisa could maintain the authority you so obviously wield over the group, knowing that it stems from the personal respect the Angels feel toward you?

SLIWA: Probably, though Lisa would be caught up in a holding pattern, trying to hold together what was already there instead of continuing on with what we're doing now.

HIGH TIMES: Which is expanding.

SLIWA: She would have to retrench, strengthen and then possibly grow. But I would say that the key is handling the people, understanding that every person in the group is important, that they have emotions and feelings. And never take anything too seriously. I have never taken anything too seriously. □

THE WORKING CLASH

continued from page 61

through into middle America.

This, of course, sets up the question If the Clash do achieve this broad level of acceptance, just how much impact will they really make? It's possible that although they may win with the middle-American rock crowd, it could be simply on the level of just another variation on Van Halen or REO Speedwagon. They might find their political message taken no more seriously than the sex swords and sorcery lyrics of the heavy-metal brigade. Certainly there are a number of pointers in this unhappy direction. Although, at the New York concerts, the capacity crowds went bananas for the Clash, a large lumpen booing section was having no truck with the more progressive ideas in the way of support bands. New York rappers Grand Master Flash and the U.K. feminists the Slits both received short shrift from an ultraconservative percentage of the audience who would tolerate nothing but the headliners' uncomplicated rocking. In other words, they wanted what they'd paid for and nothing more.

With this in mind, I asked Mick to what extent he thought the Clash's philosophy was getting through as opposed to just the rock 'n' roll.

"Everybody understands the fundamentals, the dancing, the beat, but beyond that, you can't really generalize. There are some who understand perfectly; you know that from the way that they relate to you. There are some who don't understand—probably never will."

The other possible problem is that if the Clash do get across and the children of middle America do start to pick up on their ideas, it could well be because of a general mounting resistance to Reagan and his administration. The Clash could find themselves anthem and slogan writers for a new phase of youth revolt, and in consequence, possible targets for a vengeful authority. Kosmo Vinyl, the Clash's permanent tour manager, spiritual guide and companion, isn't too worried about this. He sees government as being sufficiently corrupt to always allow the sale of guns to the Indians. "America makes money out of the Clash and the Clash make money out of America," said Vinyl. "America is pressing our records and selling them. We're putting on concerts and hot dog men are selling hot dogs to our fans. It's like with the Stones—the Stones get in all this trouble but it's that they're just too big an industry to close down. Keith Richard can get in all this trouble, but at the end of the day the boy's worth a lot of money."

In the final analysis, despite all the problems that seem to constantly dog the Clash, the saving factor is that their expectations are not all that extreme. They are not looking for custom Cadillacs or private castles in Spain. Their main motivation is simply to survive in rock 'n' roll, to keep on keeping on. As Mick Jones succinctly puts it, "If we play, we win." □



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WRESTLING USA

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the likes of Daniel Boone Savage, a large, grinning, long-haired man who plays the part of some backwoods geek come to the city with his oil-burning lantern, his corn squeezin's jug, and sometimes his ol' hound dog on a rope.

In 1936 Dick Shikat takes the world's title away from Danno O'Mahoney, by his own admission defying the instructions of the promoters to throw the bout to his opponent. Shikat, as he declares, is tired of losing when he can win.

This "exposé" is far from astounding, for by now professional wrestling has long been suspected of not being anywhere close to reality. Already the New York State Athletic Commission has forbade the billing of professional wrestling as anything but an "exhibition" so as not to confuse the phenomenon with a sport. In 1936 something named Ali Baba, the Terrible Turk beats Shikat for the world's title. There are now at last five claimants for that position. Wrestling is sick and there's no denying; 1938 sees the last wrestling exhibition in Madison Square Garden for 11 years. Lou Thesz wins the world's title (or one of them, anyway) from Bronco Nagurski in St. Louis, but nobody cares.

In the early '40s an ex-typewriter repairman by the name of George Wagner makes around \$100 a match on the wrestling circuit and uses the unremarkable stage or ring name of Elmer Schmitt. Born around 1916 on a Nebraska farm, Wagner is fine-honing an act that would make him a rich man by the end of the decade, the biggest draw in wrestling, and one of the most hated actors on television.

On July 16, 1945, the first atomic bomb is exploded in the New Mexican desert. That evening, while scientists all over America are drinking themselves senseless in celebration that the world has not been incinerated in an atomic chain reaction, junior heavyweight champion LeRoy McGuirk defeats the masked Cloud by pulling the Cloud's mask awry and slamming a few high knee-lifts into his torso. In the next bout a mincing, marcelled, bleached-blond, 208-pound pantywaist swishes into the ring with his partner Tony Morelli for the tag-team match against Indo Cherokee and Danielle Aldona.

Yes, it's Gorgeous George, the original Nature Boy, offending all of America with his unmanly vanity, his love of bright colors and exotic robes, his faggish manner, his tuxedoed valet who sprays the ring and ropes with a perfumed phenol base to kill all germs, the bride of television—Elmer Schmitt no more.

Clearly the most offensive thing about Gorgeous George is his seeming inability to lose a match. He pins the feckless Indo Cherokee with trickery, two stiff right-hand smashes and an aerial headlock. During the coming years Gorgeous George and television develop a symbiotic relationship of the high-

On the evening of the 19th, Sputnik, the world's first rocket-powered artificial satellite, has been circling the earth for six weeks. In Madison Square Garden the last match of the evening features Antonino Rocca and Eduardo Carpentier in a tag-team contest against Dick "the Bruiser" Af-flis and Dr. Jerry Graham. The match ends when the Bruiser and the doctor are disqualified for unseemly brutality, but the doctor will not stop bashing Rocca's head into the turnbuckle. As the story goes, told by the clashing parties to the New York State Athletic Commission, Rocca becomes genuinely upset upon genuinely bleeding from the forehead, and, grabbing Dr. Graham's villainous skull, drives it into the corner ring post until it resembles his own. Aroused by the sight of real blood, about 500 exuberant fans charge the ring in a bloodthirsty frenzy, desiring to assist Rocca

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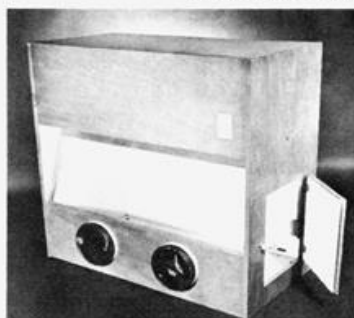
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in the mortal destruction of Graham and Afflis. Despite the ensuing storm of flying bottles, chairs and persons, no one is killed, though 2 of the 60 policemen attempting to restore order are injured and some 200 chairs are reduced to kindling. Rocca and Graham are subsequently fined by the athletic commission for inciting the normally bovine spectators to mob action.

By the end of the '50s wrestling has reached its peak of innovation. The characterizations (caricatures, rather) required for the drama of the squared circle were more or less standardized and philosophically situated on one or another extreme of the moral dialectic.

Personified under the glare of the auditorium lights were all the mythology and folklore of the American experience, come to life to battle as gods for the glory of a fictional station. There they were, pitting ethnic purity against ethnic purity, social class against social class, decency against treachery: the mighty lumberjack, typified by the hearty Yukon Eric, down from the Matanuska Valley to defend the honor of Arctic Man; the whining, narcissistic Nature Boy, bleached blond man-baby, coy, vain, prancing pupil of Gorgeous George, hated beyond description each time he cowers beneath the blows of a more modest and bland American, hated when he outwits same American and emerges victor; the never unpopular Native American wrestler, each a chief of his clan, Chief Kit Fox, Chief Wahoo McDaniel, Chief Jay Strongbow, Chief Running Hill, Chief Frank Hill, each exploding in furious Indian dance when angered, culminating in a deadly "tommy-hawk" chop; the detestable aristocracy, envied and feared by the bourgeoisie, issuing forth Lord Carlton, Lord Blear, Lord this and Lord that; the cruel unorthodox Russians like Ivan Koloff or Alexander Smirnoff; the unreconstructed Nazism of Kurt Von Hesse or Baron Von Raschke; the talented Italians; the devious Japanese (still); the strong-headed black wrestlers, be they kind or vicious, delivering brutal head butts; the Maniac on a short tether, slaving, drooling, cross-eyed and dangerous; the big mean cowboys, the big nice cowboys, the masked sadists, the Angels and the Demons, the Davids and Goliaths, Achilles, Agamemnon, Lucifer, Christ. And the midgets.

Yes, the midgets. Though deserving of but little space, these diminutive and tenacious warriors can be seen racing their 70-pound frames like demented sports cars around the circumference of the squared circle, flailing at each other in Lilliputian rage. Athletes in their own right, gymnasts of occasionally extraordinary caliber, these children of the gods are popular as a novelty among the ranks of wrestling enthusiasts who enjoy the juxtaposition of such small violence against the bowel-rumbling titrades of the angered colossi.

And the women warriors. Women wrestlers have been popular in America for over 40 years, exhibiting each a longevity to rival any of the veteran grapplers of the larger sex.

The Fabulous Moolah, for instance, current female champ, has held her title since the Eisenhower administration, and Mildred Burke, the first American female champion, reigned for a similar length of time. Female wrestling, despite its suggestive nature and the vicarious and licentious thrill derived by some from the sight of two muscular, bathing-suited women writhing vigorously one against the other, does not approach the popularity of male wrestling. It is, nevertheless, in the estimation of the cognoscenti, a fine counterpoint, as is the midget competition, to the main event of an exciting card.

Wrestling evolution of the last 20 years has been uneventful. Characterization of opposing warriors already finely developed, we see an adoption of new and bizarre types of machines: steel-cage matches, in which two wrestlers are confined by chain-link fencing to prevent their escape; Texas death matches, in which wrestlers battle regardless of pinfalls to "the end" (i.e., until one "cannot continue"); chain or strap matches in which warriors are linked arm to arm by a chain or a length of leather, the idea being to strangle your opponent; loser-leave-town matches; lumberjack matches; six-man tag matches; brass knucks matches; taped fist matches; and battle royales (in which a dozen or so wrestlers are in the ring at the same time, the winner being the last one left in the ring).

There are three major wrestling associations: the National Wrestling Federation (the biggest), the World Wrestling Federation and the American Wrestling Association. Each has its own lengthy list of champions, and dozens upon dozens of "championship titles" breed like Mary's typhoid bacilli across the nation. There are state champions, regional champions, continental champions, national champions, interregional, tag-team, heavyweight, junior heavyweight, north, south, east and west champions.

Bleeding becomes increasingly popular, induced either by a secret carmine capsule in the hair or, as is now preferred, a small self-inflicted laceration across the forehead which is encouraged to open and flow by the obliging blows of an opponent's forearm smash.

Bruno Sammartino, an Italian wrestler turned professional just four years before, became the World Wrestling Federation heavyweight champion in 1963, folding former champ Buddy Rogers into a wallet-sized package in less than 60 seconds. Sammartino draws at least 100 consecutive sellout crowds to Madison Square Garden during his eight gladiatorial years as world's champion. It is during this time that the old "veteran" wrestlers of today emerge into the limelight of professional wrestling: Bobo Brazil; Gorilla Monsoon; Haystack Calhoun (a man twice the size of Man Mountain Dean, punishing the scales at an astounding 600 pounds); the furious and deadly Funk brothers; Fritz Von Erich of the iron claw hold; Cowboy Bill Watts, treacherous former comrade of Sammartino; Chief Wahoo Mc-



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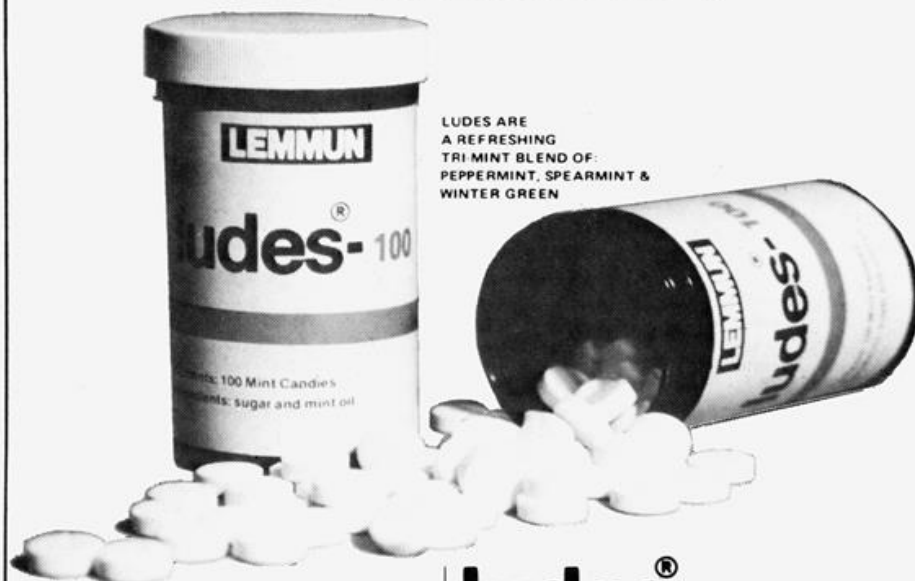


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Daniel from Oklahoma; Mr. Wrestling 1 & 2, masked nice guys; the Masked Infernos, masked bastards; the Spoiler; Harley Race; George ("the Animal") Steele, eater of turnbuckles; and Killer Karl Kox, prima facie nut. There are more. Andre the Giant, Dick Murdoch, the Crusher, Ivan Koloff, Superstar Graham, and legions follow.

In the closing years of the '70s a new effort is made that proves to be new blood for wrestling. Television shows, following the lead of the "Georgia Championship Wrestling" television show from Atlanta, begin shaping up their acts. Much thought is given to smooth and colorful production, the camerawork becomes appreciably better, announcers are found who resemble their colleagues in boxing or other broadcast sports and who can command a semblance of credibility, and wrestling takes on a new, albeit transparent, cloak of respectability.

Professional wrestling climaxes into the 1980s with a wrestling card on August 9, 1980, at Shea Stadium in New York that draws almost 41,000 paying spectators, certainly a professional wrestling record for outdoor attendance. The card features the top of the line of living warriors, including Bruno Sammartino, former Olympic weightlifter Ken Patera, Tony Atlas, Larry Zbyszko, Andre the Giant, Hulk Hogan and a dozen others. Without question, pro wrestling is once again riding high.

But why? Why do more than 40,000 presumably sane persons descend on Shea Stadium on a single night in the last quarter of the 20th century in order to watch a choreographed conflagration between well-paid athletic showmen? Why are they there? Do they think that this is reality, that the gentlemen performing in this wrestling exhibition are actually pitting their fighting skills against one another in hopes of emerging victorious? We know why the warrior class is there: It is their profession, the nature of the class. But the spectators...do they know something that we don't? Or do they know less?

Are they aware of the levity with which this spectacle is treated in every newspaper, every nonwrestling magazine, that has published an article on the subject in the past six decades? Do they know that professional wrestling never left the soul, heart and mind of P.T. Barnum's Big Top it joined in marriage one hundred years ago?

What is it they see that is not visible to the uninitiated? Do they see visions of the future, some veiled metaphor in the flying leg scissors or vertical soufflé? Some intelligence of what is to come in the years of Apocalypse, some gleanings of the shitstorm of missile and fear, satellite particle beams searing off the tops of our cities, rocket attacks on the laundry, radiation-soaked skies, freeways buckling, flinging autos into reservoirs, giants fighting in the clouds...?

Or are they drawn by some primal, tugging remembrance of a fictional past, when giants roamed the earth seeking adversaries for the love of blood and the breaking of bone. Are these the ancient warriors who

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sailed the treacherous seas, hungry for conquest, pillage and foreign women? Or are they merely blubbery incarnations of the sideshow geek, spectacles in the tradition of the Alligator Man and Jo-Jo the Dog Faced Boy? Some questions are not easily answered.

But chances are that these 40,000 are drawn to the spectacle of professional wrestling for the same reason that millions more sit motionless and amazed in their homes while the hypnotized Maniac Mark Lewin shrieks "Yeet! Yeet! Nyeet!" on their televisions, slaving, foaming, eyes rolling skyward, crushing the Shanghai sleeper hold across the windpipe and carotid artery of the now unconscious Austin Idol while the referee semaphores frantically for help and tugs to no avail on the Maniac's arm.

Should we believe that the thousands of great aunts, beer suckers, college professors, dry-humpers, shoplifters and elected officials who sit stunned, eyes watering from video radiation and glued to the TV screen, are all out of work or brain-damaged? Do these folks really have nothing better to do with their time? Are they roped to their chairs, or too infirm to flip the dial? The truth is that this sort of thing is simply great fun to watch, and it's much better to watch all the hypnotized maniacs on television instead of prying open your bedroom window on a long weekend. □

CONNOISSEUR

continued from page 17

maimed, burned and pillaged the brave peasant growers. The atrocities effectively wiped out the real, the genuine Acapulco gold, despite numerous fool's gold imitations. But, as someone remarked, Guerrero is a big state; the peasants are resilient rebels and they have a long memory. It is not impossible that Acapulco gold, Michoacán, all the great gourmet Mexicans that—except for Oaxacan—were wiped out might be making a comeback. Donkey dicks might well be leading the way.

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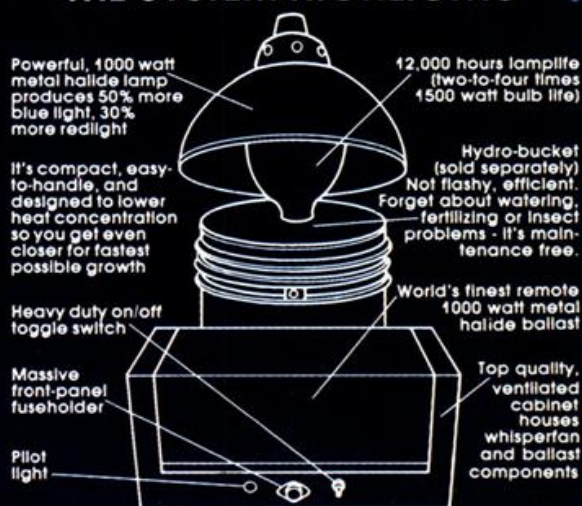
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